Price 5 Cents. Established 1878.

THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship; Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 17, 1898. NUMBER 12

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: PAGE
Notes 187
The Change in Religious Interest 188
The Omaha Congress—A Postal Card Symposium.—Continued 187
THE OMAHA CONGRESS:
Thursday, October 20—Morning Session 190
The New Testament Value of Prudence.—Rev. H. H. Peabody 191
Discussion and Business 197
Thursday Evening, October 10 199
The Growth of International Good Will. Rev. H. M. Simmons 200
THE STUDY TABLE:
Studies of a Biographer.—J. W. C. 205
Ave Roma Immortalis!—J. W. C. 206
THE LIBERAL FIELD:
Madison, Wis. 207
Wisconsin Unitarians 207
Chicago 207
Books Received 207
POETRY:
To —— on her 24th Birthday.—Oliver S. Brown 205

Where floats the star-wrought banner of our land?
No rallying-sign? In scattered groups we stand
Facing each new Guerrilla band,
Conspiring Greed, upon the helpless fed,
Or Toil's brave sons by Villainy misled,
Or idle fops, by wealth and wandering crazed,
Restoring bounds our wiser fathers razed.
The dust and clamor of the street
Shut out the Pleiads' influence sweet,
And for we see in many a lair
A crouching form, shall we despair?
Laugh at despair. What hath he ever done?
Hope, and Effort, son of Hope,
These alone with Fate can cope,
Alike by life or death have won.

EDWARD WALDO EMERSON.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.

Chicago.

When, if ever, was Good Reading so Cheap?

Elsewhere in these columns will be found an offer to the NEW UNITY subscribers and others who would like to become so, of a set of the works of Charles Dickens, in 12 volumes, delivered any place in the United States free, on receipt of the regular yearly subscription price of the NEW UNITY, $2.00. We believe this is one of the most remarkable offers ever made, and it gives every subscriber an opportunity to make a Christmas present of a set of these great books to any one in the United States. The books can be sent to one address, the NEW UNITY to another. We cannot break the full set of books; the entire set must go to one address. Should your subscription have expired you can have your time extended one full year from date of expiration in addition to the full set. Should your subscription expire later on, send in $2.00 now and have it extended one year and get a set free. As this offer is likely to be withdrawn shortly, take advantage of it at once. All orders will be filled in turn, so if you want to make a Christmas present to any one, send in quickly.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers The New Unity,
185 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

A Beautiful Birthday, Gift and Holiday Book.

The Publishers of the NEW UNITY have just issued a beautiful book, very suitable as a Birthday or Holiday present. The critics of the Chicago *Inter Ocean* and *Chronicle*, who have seen the first copies from the press, thus describe it:

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

"Flowers of Grasses"—Verses by Juniata Stafford. (Chicago: Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers. This charming little volume, daintily printed and bound in soft birchbark cover, brings to us the sweet breath of field and meadow. And the verses which it contains fitly add to the pleasant impression given by the outward form of the little book. They tell of nature and nature's beauties, of soft airs and rippling brooks, and they do more, for they show to us the lessons which the beautiful things of God's creation have for every one of us. In this, even more than in her smooth and rippling lines, do we read this writer's title clear to the name of true poet. For the heaven-conferred mission of the poet is to interpret nature and life for the help and instruction of mankind, since most of us, our sight uncleared by heavenward glances, cannot read the divine message. As a specimen of Miss Stafford's graceful versification we quote two stanzas from her wreath of "Birthday Verses," one for each month in the year, a charming idea:

March.

All the brown twigs are stirring within;
Winter has surely gone past!
Wrappings of tree-buds are stretching quite thin—
Springtime is nearing at last!
Color and gladness are coming this way—
Listen, dear heart, while I sing!
Here is my gift for your beautiful day;
Love and the heralds of spring.

October.

Gentian, in this restful place,
In this quiet hour,
Speaking with a holy grace
Word of sky and flower,
I will bear you in my hand
As a birthday token;
Help my friend to understand
Love and peace have spoken.

A Book of Thoughtful Verses.

[Chicago Chronicle.]

"Flowers of Grasses" is the fanciful title given to a small collection of verses by Juniata Stafford, a lady of Chicago, pleasantly known in periodical literature. Some of the collection are occasional verses, and carry the stamp of such, but others are of more general nature, and in each of these there is always some germ of thought that is clearly, often very felicitously worked out. The "Song of the Weeds" enforces a wholesome and suggestive lesson of the usefulness often, perhaps always, subserved by even the humblest and apparently most useless things, and it is musically embodied in flowing verse.

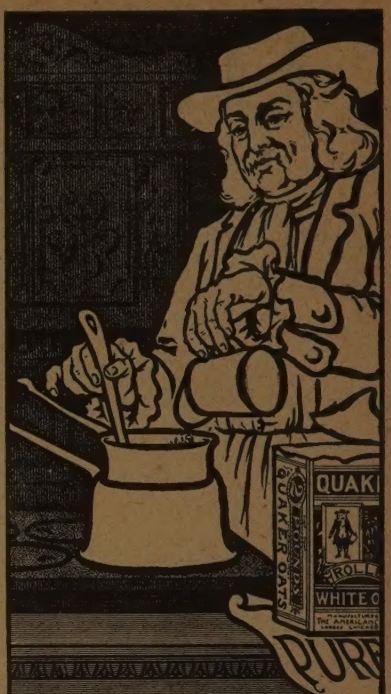
Much of the verse is cast in well-used forms, but much of it also is molded into unusual metrical forms, some of them very daintily and musically handled. The sentiment of all alike is finely feminine and refined.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price, 75 cents.

ALFRED C. CLARK & CO.,
Publishers,
185 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO

YOU WILL REALIZE THAT "THEY LIVE WELL WHO LIVE CLEANLY," IF YOU USE

SAPOLIO



A Perfect Breakfast

Breakfast has to supply the brain and muscle for the husband's daily battle. It must contain brain and nerve food. It must be a tissue builder. It must be easy to cook and easy to digest. To be just right it must include Quaker Oats.

THE EASY FOOD

Quaker Oats

THE WORLD'S BREAKFAST

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

Read These Books

The Moki Snake Dance, 60 pp., 64 illustrations. 3cts.

To California and Back, 176 pp., 176 illustrations. 5 cts

Grand Canon of Arizona, 32 pp., 15 illustrations. 2 cts

New Mexico Health Resorts, 80 pp., 31 illustrations. 2 cts.

Arizona Health Resorts, 72 pp., 18 illustrations. 2 cts

Las Vegas Hot Springs, 48 pp., 39 illustrations. 2 cts

Mailed free for postage named.

They tell the story

of wonderful sights and scenes, and special resorts for tourists and homeseekers in the Great West.

They are published by the

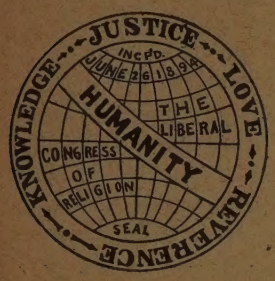
Santa Fe Route,

are literary and artistic, and will make you better acquainted with the attractions of your own land.

C. A. HIGGINS,
A. G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. R'y, CHICAGO.
1379 Great Northern Bldg.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1898. NUMBER 17.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

As a plant upon the earth, so a man rests upon the bosom of God; he is nourished by unfailing fountains, and draws at his need inexhaustible power. EMERSON.

The elections are over and the result all around the circle is gratifying to the independent. In New York the governor elect is for once a man wanted by the people, not forced upon them by the machine. In Chicago the Republican that was distrusted by the Citizens' Committee was the only prominent Republican defeated, while the Democrats that were elected were clearly elected by the independent vote that would not support their unwholesome rivals though they were on the right ticket in the estimation of the voter. In other words, the evidence is clear that the noble army of scratchers is increasing. Let the good work go on.

The *Christian Citizen* was represented by its editor, the Rev. Columbus Bradford, at the Omaha Congress. The October number, speaking of the Congress, says: "The Congress was in effect a Christian citizenship convention, for most of the papers and discussions had to do with the social and political problems of this age, especially of this country. We advise the readers of the *Citizen* to send for the NEW UNITYS that are to contain the papers read at this Congress. They will be worth the subscription price. It is a good paper to take the year round."

As Matthew Arnold said of the Christian religion, "Men are coming to say of the Bible, we cannot do without it, but we cannot do with it as it is now explained." The better it is understood as a treasure house of morals and a history of the spiritual life, the less do men care for it as a storehouse of doctrine and of dogma. The less use they make of it as a substitute for reason, a shield against the supposed arrows of science or the inspirations of modern thought, the more do they make of it a blessed helper, an ever interesting and inspiring help to those who would make life noble and the world beautiful.

We share with the *Times-Herald* of Chicago, an indignation over the iniquity of the slot machine, a mechanical device, as this paper puts it, "to separate a fool from his money." Owing to pressure brought to bear upon the police by the Civic Federation of Chicago, the machines were for a time forced out of the Chicago saloons, but according to this vigilant daily, they are here again and at work. We join our neighbor in emphatically demanding that the police service, public sentiment, municipal decency should proceed at once to "smash the slot machine and to do it so effectively that it will not again appear."

The *Boston Transcript* is authority for saying that the religious press of the country is almost unanimous against taking the Philippines. We hope this is true. Even the ingenuous children of the almighty who inhabit the far-off islands of the sea must have some rights to their own territory and their wishes must count somewhere and sometime in the right administration of their territory. Admitting that Spain has forfeited its right to control them, does a skillful use of gunpowder transfer that right to the United States? When the wishes of the natives enter into the solution of the problem and not before, will there be a righteous settlement of the Philippines question, as it seems to us.

It is the habit of lesser minds to read small the larger purposes of life and to studiously minimize nobleness. This has been exemplified in the persistent tendency in certain quarters to distrust the sincerity of the Czar of Russia in his overtures for universal peace. It is to us a matter of great regret that Rudyard Kipling should have lent his magnificent power in this direction. If the popular and more obvious interpretation of his last poem is true, we are glad to say that this view is not shared by many of England's noblest. A meeting was held at Exeter Hall, London, on the 26th ult., over which the Bishop of London presided. Honorable John Morley, Dean Bradley, Hugh Price

Hughes, the Bishop of Herford and many other famous names appeared in connection therewith. Why should not even Czars be given the benefit of a fair interpretation? But though the messenger be distrusted, the message is none the less noble and the call for an international armistice that the Czar started has now become the burden of the noblest hearts in Europe and America.

October 18th was a great day for Oxford, when Manchester New College, one of the sections of the University, unveiled a bust of James Martineau commemorating the ninetieth birthday of the benignant philosopher who has given his thoughtful life to profound study and to rational, not to say radical interpretations of morals and religion. Doctor Caird, the master of Baliol, the pricipal of Jesus College, Professor Sayce, Doctor Fairbarn and many others were present in person. Max Mueller, Canons Driver and Cheyne, Sir Henry Tate and a long list of others sent their greetings. It was for England a great congress of religion, meeting on the very day that the Omaha Congress opened its sessions. The message of both meetings was largely identical and the outcome similar, for Doctor Caird in his remarks at Oxford, voiced the message of Omaha as well when he said, "Doctor Martineau belongs not merely to his friends or any special religious body but to the nation because he was a seeker for truth without dogmatic reservations or fear, because he was comprehensive in his intellectual outlook, because he was a seeker for unity, so he widened the sympathies of all churches not by minimizing differences but by bringing to light the common basis of truth beneath them all." There is no more magnificent figure now left in English life than that of this splendid, serene nonegenarian, James Martineau.

The Change in Religious Interest.

Within the last decade the Theological Schools of the land have been introducing new studies into their curriculum and new professorship into their faculty. The church-going people in all denominations are propounding new doctrines to their ministers and are receiving a different if not a new message from their pulpit. In conferences, conventons and congresses the old questions of theology are neglected in the interest of the new questions of sociology. God is being taken for granted, at least his essence and methods are recognized to be beyond the ken of mortals and above and beyond human interference. He cannot be changed by the votes of synods or the resolutions of conventicles, but man is improvable, and man as an individual is imperfect and must remain imperfect until he is recognized as a member of society; so man is growing of interest to his fellows. The greater miseries of to-day are not personal or selfish. and the churches are beginning to recognize this in a wonderful way. In the heart of the conservative church of England itself did the Fabian Society take its rise, and it is fostered to-day by a large number of the younger members of the Episcopal clergy. And the Fabian Society is a society organized for the purpose of studying and advancing the interest of socialism. Indeed, Professor Herron, President Gates and others have on their lips frequently the phrase, "Christian socialism," and they are confident in their assertion that Jesus was the first socialist, that he came to organize society on the basis of co-operation, that the leading characteristic of his message was the fraternity in it. More and more clearly do all the churches emphasize the great truth which the Quaker poet declared when he said,

"The soul is lost that's saved alone."

There is growing a corporate conscience which tells us that the man who attends only to his own business is a mean man and cannot be honest. That it is not only his privilege but his duty to tend to the business of others. Conscience itself is defective until it becomes corporate and carries consciously the burdens of society, the woes of the community.

Related to this, perhaps springing from it, there is another change most manifest in the religious world about us. The spirit of protestantism seems to be giving way to the spirit of catholicism. Men and women have got tired of dividing and subdividing, of protesting and antagonizing. It would seem as though protestantism had reached its limit. The spirit of controversy has done almost all it can for the human mind. Religious progress by secession and by protest seems almost to have reached its limit. Presbyterianism is ceasing to be the great logic mill of protestantism. It has exhausted its dogmatic refinements. The "old schoo and the "new school," the "Cumberland branch" and the bewildering variety of lights from "old" to "new," from "red" to "blue," are ceasing to be of interest even to its own members, and there is more and more talk of a "united Presbyterianism." The same is true of Methodism. It is probable that the last kind of Methodists has been organized. The disputing spirit has passed out and the consulting and contriving spirit is taking its place. Protestantism in the United States is scandalized by its forty-seven different sects, and there is heard throughout the breadth and length of Christendom the message which Rudyard Kipling gives to the deep sea cables, "Let us be one."

"The discord is within, which jars
So sadly in life's song;
'Tis we, not they, who are in fault,
When others seem so wrong."

The Omaha Congress.

A POSTAL CARD SYMPOSIUM.—CONTINUED.

Miss Jane Lloyd Jones, Hillside, Wis.

I have attended many religious conferences, but I have never listened to a program where the keynote was so high and so well sustained from beginning to end as that of the Omaha Congress. It was surely at one with the divine harmonies, and lifted the listener into the beautiful uplands whence cometh help. I am glad I was there.

Leo. M. Franklin, Rabbi Temple Israel, Omaha

I quote from a sermon delivered at Temple Israel last Friday evening on "The Philosophy of Contact." I know of no body of men and women who have ever entered the gates of our hospitable city, and have brought so much with them and left so much of good behind as the Liberal Congress of Religion. Therein are represented persons of every shade of faith and creed and of no acknowledged faith and creed, and yet coming into contact with each other on the broad platform of truth, they illustrated to each other, and to you and me, that beneath the differences of form, the spirit, the aspiration, the hope of all religion is the same—the betterment and the uplifting of human life. * * * Contact breaks barriers, because it breaks down ignorance. I believe that the meeting of the Liberal Congress in this city will bring us all closer together, because it has emphasized what this pulpit has always attempted to accentuate, that truth is the world's and not the patented possession of any sect or creed.

W. G. Whitmore, Valley, Neb.

We left the Congress realizing more fully than ever before the truth uttered by Emerson a generation ago: "Define your terms and contentions cease." On all great themes, from inspiration to evolution, deep, earnest thinkers are getting very near together, and more and more of them are frankly and gladly admitting it.

Miss Anna C. Clapp, Delegate from the People's Church Chicago.

The Congress is always an inspiration. The unity of fellowship, which is the keynote, makes us feel that we are, as Mr. Powell has said, "to share together our earthly possessions as well as our heavenly mansions." I wish that not only every preacher but that every teacher might know the spirit of the Congress in their work.

Mrs. Alvin Joiner, Polo, Ill.

Allow me to speak of the Congress as regards myself personally. It has been to me of inestimable value. I have always entertained a feeling of indifference to the organization until this last meeting in Omaha, when I became so enthused that I was glad to identify myself with it as a life member.

J. S. Grindley, Thomasboro, Ill.

Excepting one dish, which was too highly seasoned with Socialism, the Congress was the finest feast I ever sat down to. Ever since, Isaiah's hopeful words have sounded something like this to me: "The Episcopalian also shall dwell with the Congregationalist, the Methodist and Baptist shall lie down together with the Unitarian and the Universalist, and a Jew shall lead them. They shall not hurt or destroy each other, for the earth shall be full of knowledge."

Mrs. Della M. Bishop, Des Moines, Iowa

It is hard to say in a few words all that the Omaha Congress meant to me. Perhaps what impressed me most was the increasing evidence that denominational lines are fast vanishing, along with prejudice and intolerance. In my opinion the work yet to be done is not alone among the orthodox. The so-called "Liberal" is too apt to appropriate the name without exemplifying the spirit. It was a glorious meeting. Des Moines needs just such an one.

Alvin Joiner, Polo, Ill.

The Omaha Congress was the greatest gathering of its kind ever held on the American continent. Why? Because from beginning to end it was constructive.

Rev. John Faville, Pastor Congregational Church, Appleton, Wis.

From start to finish the Congress was admirable in the way it was managed, a delight in its social fellowship, a time of rare intellectual opportunities, a manifestation of the spirit of the higher unity, a religious inspiration and a spiritual feast.

Mrs. Mary A. Emsley, Mason City, Iowa.

The Omaha Congress of Religion was to me the most satisfying, both mentally and spiritually, of any gathering I ever attended. I came away feeling amply repaid for the fatiguing journey and the unseasonable weather by remembering all the good things I had heard during the week.

Master Charles H. Joiner, Polo, Ill.

I can say with all my heart that I think the highest, the noblest and the truest religion ever preached to man was preached at the Omaha Congress. In bringing science and religion together that deep foundation has been laid upon which, I think, the true religion will ever rest. My appreciation and love for this work I hope will show itself in the life I live. I hope this good work will go on.

Rabbi Isadore Lewinthal, Nashville, Tenn.

The Congress was a great success. Each and every meeting was characterized by earnestness and spirituality. I was deeply impressed with the enthusiasm displayed to bring truth and life into the troubled channels and needs of our great world. The Congress is surely paving the way where all can come together and work together in helpful relations.

David Starr Jordan, President Leland Stanford University, Cal.

I was very much pleased with the Omaha meeting, for its virility, the papers and discussions were mostly strong and sensible, without cant, gush, sentimentalism, and not devoted to schemes in the nature of things impossible. I was glad not to hear discussions of the shortcomings of our Orthodox fellows. "Old errors do not die because they are refuted; they fade out because they are neglected." It is time to build anew.

Miss L. L. Wood, Monmouth, Ill.

I thoroughly enjoyed the addresses I heard and felt the sympathetic magnetism pervading the assembly—such a sense of harmony and good fellowship throughout—and it seems to me the effect can not be other than broadening and ennobling—both directly and indirectly. It is a pleasure to read the reports, but a grand privilege to hear the utterances and catch the full inspiration.

The Omaha Congress.

"I DREAM'D
THAT STONE BY STONE I REAR'D A SACRED FANE,
A TEMPLE, NEITHER PAGOD, MOSQUE, NOR CHURCH
BUT LOFTIER, SIMPLER, ALWAYS OPEN-DOOR'D
TO EVERY BREATH FROM HEAVEN, AND TRUTH AND PEACE
AND LOVE AND JUSTICE CAME AND DWELT THEREIN."

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20,—MORNING SRSSION.

9:30 a. m.—Dr. Thomas: Will the audience rise and join with Dr. Faville in the Lord's Prayer?

The Secretary: Mr. Chairman, I feel as though I owe it to our constituency, so much larger than our constituency present, to offer to this Congress these two typical words of greeting. I have many more such letters that reached me before starting from Chicago and that are reaching me still. Here are words from a sister away down in Indiana and another from a young lawyer way out in Washington:

Please accept these as typical of the fellowship that is looking towards us and the sympathy that is pressing upon us.

Dr. Thomas: The first paper this morning is on "The Part Faith Plays in Science and Religion," by Rev. S. R. Calthrop of Syracuse, N. Y.

[*Mr. Calthrop's paper is withheld by the author for use elsewhere and will be printed in this paper later.*]

DISCUSSION.

Mr. Jones: Mr. Chairman, word has reached us that a sad accident to the daughter of Mrs. Crum will prevent her being with us this morning.

Having heard from one who represents in his calling religion, I think we are very glad that we are not in such a hurry but that we may hear a word from a representative of science. Inasmuch as we have a part of the forenoon still before us, I suggest that you call upon President David Starr Jordan for a word.

Dr. Thomas: Come, President Jordan, and put in a few of your great words along this line.

PRESIDENT JORDAN'S ADDRESS.

Friends:—Huxley claims that it is our duty to doubt. Our friend has just asked what we are to doubt, and I should say that if Huxley had completed the sentence he would say doubt the doubtful. Now the things the preachers have been urging us to believe are the things we know are doubtful; they are things no one can ever know about. I am sure if Huxley had been in the habit of hearing sermons such as we have been hearing today he would not have worried so much about preachers.

Taken as a whole, the spirit of modern science is not going to have anything to say against the word of such preachers as we have just been listening to. All scientific men want is that we should doubt the doubtful in order that we may know the difference between the doubtful and the true, in order that we may hold fast to that which is true, for the man who believes the doubtful does not believe the true. The truth never can come to him as to the man who likes to clear his belief of all nonsense, imagery, metaphor, poetry. Now if Huxley were to continue the writing of criticisms in accordance with the preaching of the better day represented here, I suppose he would say, we are to beware of analogies, doubt statements that come to us in the form of analogies. Now one of the great quests of the good preacher is to have telling analogies, fine resemblances, metaphors, effective, but not quite absolutely true. For instance, it is very effective to speak of love as a mode of motion. This is literally true but still you may get out of that a series of propositions which are only analogies. So while science is the basis of the poetry which is to come because all true poetry is founded upon truth, yet science will always say, beware of poetry and metaphors because they are likely to confuse us as to what is really true. Now one of the great causes of the poverty of the pulpit of to-day is the fact that it has mistaken poetry for literal statement of fact, and so all the grand poetry of the Hebrew scriptures has been transformed into little, petty texts which they were not in the original. So I would turn Huxley's lesson into this, do not shun poetry but beware of being confused by metaphor.

I think a great, important and grand truth was uttered in the statement that there is no action without belief. Everything that we are depends upon our knowing what we are doing and knowing it to be truthful, because without truthful knowledge and without full belief in the truthfulness of this knowledge, there can never be any right action, and without true belief, therefore, there can be no righteousness. In justification of Huxley I would say that Huxley would call belief and what we would call belief would not pass with the preachers of Huxley's day. He devoted a large share of his life to fighting a thing now not worth fighting. They put a fence across some tempting field of thought and said, "No admission; by order of Moses!" That sort of thing of course Huxley would not tolerate. Now science has separated itself into distinct organizations, simply because in its vanity it believes itself to be more religious than the preachers are; because the churches are not religious enough, because they do not value truth for truth's sake. The ultimate end of religion is to do the right because it is right, to seek the truth because it is truth. Now science may be mistaken in this supposed higher faith, but it is for that reason that there has been a conflict between religion and science. Huxley's hate of sacerdotalism I think affected his mind and disturbed its fairness towards religious things. I know that many scientific men have been much pained by some of his utterances. I have noticed very often that preachers of the liberal kind get so imbued with the errors of orthodoxy in their youth that they spend the latter part of their lives in fighting against orthodoxy instead of leading their hearers into the bright fields now open to science. The "closed by order of Moses" has been pretty generally removed. It seems to me that morality, right living, is just as natural as the law of gravitation.

We are compelled for our knowledge to trust primarily to the senses. All that we can know and put into the form of statement comes to us through the senses. We do not know anything except what we have learned through the senses. We judge relation and value of things through the brain. What we call "heart," that is to say by figures of speech, the emotions are tendencies to action, more or less differentiated from the results of the brain, so when we say, man is all heart and no brain, or all brain and no heart, we speak of a poorly developed man. Now the conscience indicates to us that one choice of action is better than another, makes for life, gives life more abundantly to ourselves and then to others. That which brings about more abundant life is better, and the conscience is the automatic agency to choose that

which is better. The senses are not infallible. The brain is not infallible. The heart is not infallible. Each of these demand a million corrections. We cannot tell things so accurately at a distance because it is not so important that we should know them at a distance. Things that are far away like the stars the senses do not interpret truthfully at all. Now it is the business of science to make it necessary for greater truth to be worked over into action. The senses are in themselves the result of the stimulus of environment on our ancestors. The brain is just as capable as it was necessary that it should be in the line of business our ancestors followed. Now the same thing in regard to the impulses of sympathy that we collectively call the heart. They are forces. They can be educated. And in the same way, conscience. Things that are wrong now were right once. War is getting to be almost wrong. It will be entirely wrong by and by. The God we worship now was the God of battles only a few thousand years ago. We would need no eyes if there was no light; no ears if there was no sound; no brain if there was nothing to think about. All these are concessions to external things. They all go together. For instance, the heart and conscience relate to action, but we cannot depend upon heart and conscience to give us objective truths; that is, take the place of the senses and reason. Life grows high and important in proportion as these concessions are more and more accurate; that is, the growth of humanity consists in the power of making them more and more true. Now we are told that the last word of science is that all things are one and all forms of one thing. Matter and spirit are one. But the idea of monism, absolute oneness through all the universe, is a word of philosophy, not of science. It is a very attractive form of philosophy many of us like to think and dream about, but this is not science, because science only goes where facts go. I claim that monism has nothing to do with science because it does not rest on the known facts of science. It is simply one of the majestic possibilities which preachers may state but which belongs to the realm of speculation, philosophy and not the realm of science. We may suspect, but we have no way of knowing, and I think we gain nothing by confusing the splendid development of thought speculation with scientific fact. Philosophy in some sense puts itself in place of God, who is the only being to see and know things just as they really are. Philosophy cannot always tell whether it is occupying the place of the divine mind or whether it is simply making a fool of itself. In the case of monism science cannot tell. We do not know whether it is, or whether it is mere juggling with words.

But in conclusion I want to speak of my enjoyment of the magnificent paper which we have just listened to. Its strong, rounded whole I have no word but of approbation and having only touched on some of these minor details, hoping thereby to bring out the main thought, then I agree with the essayist that we must believe in good, build upon the all around integrity of the universe.

The Chair: That is a very felicitous expression, the all around integrity of the universe, and I think we might speak of this hour as the all around integrity of the essay, address and of the criticism. They will leave us stronger and better. We have another brother from New York, Rev. H. H. Peabody, of Rome, who will speak to us on "The New Testament Virtue of Prudence."

THE NEW TESTAMENT VALUE OF PRUDENCE.

BY REV. H. H. PEABODY, PASTOR OF BAPTIST CHURCH, ROME, N. Y.

Prudence, in these times of theological peril, is a virtue held at a premium. Generally it prevails, though not always, since life has, and ever has had a way of now and then producing a man who is either so guileless as unwittingly to ignore the restraints of caution, or strong enough, in fanaticism or in wisdom, to defy them. There are men of a Garibaldian vigor of untamed impulse, held in leash by life's Mazzinis, who drop this virtue out of their ideal of perfection altogether or relegate it in contempt to forgetfulness. Of course this trait of prudence is held in high esteem by the politician, if it is not his most structural virtue; no less is it prized for the man in the pulpit and in the seminary by his ambitious friends not accustomed to walk in the open ways of the spirit. The imprudent man is told that he "makes a mess of it," both for himself and for others, which the prudential, in the magic of his art skillfully avoids. For the liberal—child of revolution as he is—this virtue is supposed to be in most urgent demand. The conservative has scarcely any field for its exercise, since for him to speak out to the last syllable of his message imperils nothing, in very contrast to the radical, the hot breath of whose earnestness makes him a hazardous prophet indeed. He—this orthodox-liberal—is in great demand, but on condition that he submit to be saddled and bridled by the prudential. If unheeding here, if he gives prudence in speech but a scanty recognition, then, indeed, is he despised and rejected of men. Surely, in view of the high estimation put upon this trait, we do well to ask just what the virtue of it is and what not. And in doing this I am not seeking to define prudence in general, nor in the Emersonian sense so embodied in the essay, only that portion of it which has to do with honest religious utterance. Here in our American life, as with Jesus in the Jewish, are the two parties ever confronting each other, the man of conviction under an impulse to speak out, and the great mass of men seething with intolerance and sure to harm him if he does. Between these two, the prophet and the Nineveh to which he is sent, what is the field for the exercise of prudence? How can one be prudent yet loyal? Convinced, as I am, that what is ordinarily called prudence is quite without virtue, are we assured also that there is a Christian virtue here, noble, substantial, worthy of all admiration? If so, what is it, this New Testament grace which lurks under the homely name of prudence?

If we look over the active life of Jesus, it may appear somewhat difficult to answer the question as to his own prudence. He came into much the same politic life as do we. As we, so he felt the tyranny of friendship, the shrewd cautionings of those who would guard him against the dangers of too great a moral ideality. Without doubt, neighbors then, like neighbors now, told him that honesty was the best policy, who, nevertheless, were mortally afraid to follow it in any but its more commonplace, unheroic, or conventional phases. I have no doubt that his mother and brothers thought Jesus highly imprudent towards the powers that were, and trembled over impending con-

sequences. In Jewry, far more than in Greece or Rome, religious public opinion was brutally intolerant, and to assail it as did the Nazarene was, from the worldly standpoint, aside from prudence. Some men are brave from a certain unperceiving guilelessness; they receive the kicks and cuffs of outrageous fortune with an air of surprise, as though above all things this was the acme of the unexpected. Jesus does not so impress us; his was rather a deliberate, knowing bravery, which bears out to the letter what is said of him, that he knew what was in men.

If one wishes to argue that Jesus was not especially prudent, apparently lacking in the prudence he enjoined upon his disciples, I can see his opportunity. I can see how some quietistic friend, possibly like Martha, femininely passive and with a tremulous fear over the self-imperiling action of the Nazarene, might anxiously question his apparently reckless course, as though he sought to end his usefulness in two or three brief years. Did she not see that discretion would have saved him from the cross, and while not having it in her heart to blame him, was still inclined gently to expostulate with him, with a view to taming his outbreaking ardor and putting him upon the safe side of a Pharisaic antagonism? True, that would have killed the prophet in him, but this she did not see. His obedience was ever appearing to her in the terms of a lower imprudence. She might have said, "Must you, O my friend, use such strong language to the Pharisees, be so fearfully outspoken as to call them hypocrites, whited sepulchres, and to charge them with devouring the widows' substance, making clean the outside of the duty cup, seeking the uppermost seats at the feast, with the love of being called "doctor," "doctor," and of making long prayers out of doors in the spirit of a pious pretense? O Master, listen to your fearing friend. Are such words as serpents, vipers, fools and blind, children of the devil, slighters of the weightier matters of the law, proselyters who make the proselyte ten-fold more the child of hell than ever, is such, O Jesus, the language of peace and prudence?" The prudent Christian of to-day, fearing the world as Jesus did not, is really ever asking the same. To him Jesus at times seems well nigh destitute of this very virtue he so deliberately enjoins. And need any of us wonder that such words awakened bitter resentment, even though they were spoken in the purer tones of love's wrath? We speak of Jesus as constructive in method; that is, as more intent upon growing in the wheat than upon destroying the tares, yet there were times when his destructiveness was like that of the whirlwind. Is there prudence in the whirlwind? Was it a prudent act, his going into the temple—this fierce young rural prophet—and overthrowing the tables and seats of those who sold doves? As the Pope wished to tone down the speech of Savonarola, would not Nicodemus, the inquisitive, have attempted the same, could he have caught the ear of the Nazarene? Was he quite prudent in so violently and repeatedly shocking the pious Jew by the persistent freedom he took with their well-nigh most sacred institution, the Sabbath? Why not be a quietist in his course, like the liberal yet unaggressive Nicodemus, and gradually establish the kingdom of heaven in the wisdom of the serpent? Indeed, how the ordinary man of prudence, dominated by it in every movement, can think of Jesus as other than imprudent I cannot see. Just how or by force of what reasoning the churchly prudence current in our day can conceive of the Master as other than singularly imprudent I cannot imagine. Yet, properly defining prudence, Jesus was the most prudent of all prophets.

So much for one side; now for the other. Suppose one wishes to establish a claim for prudence in Jesus, what will he say? Will he not direct you to the observation that the Master never appears as one drifting to his fate, rather as self-determined to a duty and to a sacrifice? All these instances of an apparent imprudence are found to be, not the result of an uncontrollable zeal, but as calmly directed effort under the guidance of judgment calmness itself. In him there is no temperamental lack of control, as though his zeal was a fury to drive him, and had fated him to destruction; no heat eventuating in haste, no doing of good things in that bad spirit which trails a wake so bitter as to make victory almost a sadness. He never failed to emphasize the spirit of his act. He appears again and again as conserving his opportunity, as seeing the difference between duty as a blind rushing upon suicide and duty wisely made the most of, as ready to act to-day as to-morrow, if only he can best serve his high purpose. If danger surrounds him, it is not as a result of the doing or saying of something which imperils his cause, only himself. If to-day he is seemingly above danger, it is not because he has detached prudence from duty, as though a virtue in itself, or had resolved to pursue duty only up to the line of safety. He speaks of his hour as not yet come, and, whatever be his meaning in these words, the point is clear in them that he was watchful, not for self, but for duty's main chance, which is of the very nature of the higher prudence. He will not miss his opportunity by any excess of self-care, nor meet an heroic death where heroic life were far better. He sees what is before him, which he will not hurry forward by a hasty throb or act of impulse, or retard by any timid shrinking. In his seemingly imprudent deeds—seemingly because lessening his outward success and hastening forward the specter of defeat—it is always found that they are so well aimed as to open wider the gates of his kingdom. If at times we see him seeking to avoid danger, as when he declined to go up to the feast because the Jews sought to kill him, and so confined his walks to less hazardous Galilee, in which he shows himself more cautious than his disciples, who, in something of a fanaticism of devotion, prayed that he might declare himself to the world; or as when, still later on, in reply to his mysterious words, "Before Abraham was I am," the Pharisees took up stones to cast at him and he, unlike the non-resisting and non-fleeing Quaker in his spirit of passive martyrdom, actually hid himself and so passed by, if, I say, we see him thus self-guarding and declining the first and second and third opportunity for martyrdom, his manner was not that of one escaping from hard, uncongenial duty, but simply that of one stepping aside from an angry man's path, as one might from an infuriated bull in the pasture. He would not allow this intolerant Orthodox Jew to defeat his cause save as duty called, and then the defeat would prove victory in disguise. He was brave, actually so, when action best served his purpose, or cautious when lack of caution would have cast his cause into the limbo of peril. He had that prudence which consists in waiting for the ripening in time, as when he told his unperceiving disciples that he had more to tell them when they could bear it, yet

potent in his activity to evolve that riper hour. He recognized the unspiritual element in the ordinary prudence of the world, as when he spoke of those things revealed unto babes yet hidden from the wise and prudent. At the same time, we hear him—this Nazarene, to the churchly worldling ever appearing so imprudent—actually giving instant recognition to the higher prudence in his instructions to the itinerant twelve, as when he says, "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves. Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

So much from the appearance, pro and con, of the great example. The conclusion is what? First, that the heroic, the heroism synonomous with duty, when rounded to the ideal made the ordinary prudence of life with Jesus an impossibility. We must judge Jesus prudent or the reverse, not from the exterior of life, which we call conduct, rather from that deep interior we call motive. In him prudence as a mere covert from duty is never seen. Second, we discover in Jesus what I have called the higher prudence. What is it? Risky as it may seem, I venture upon this definition, speaking, of course, in reference to honest speech in the pulpit from the man of conviction. Prudence is that wise direction of conduct towards the hostile public which will best serve the cause in hand. Peter's act, that fearful lunge at the ear of the servant of the High Priest, was crudely courageous, though highly imprudent for the reason that loss, not gain, was likely to follow. He stood in that act as liable to lose his own life and imperil his cause for nothing. He was not directing his courage wisely to a desired end. Prudence, in its higher reaches, sacrifices self, or restrains the sacrificial impulse of self, for truth's advance, while prudence of the lower sort checks all boldness at the danger signal. Prudence—Christian prudence—is doing or not doing, speaking or not speaking, striking out or remaining alert in reserve, as one or the other will best serve, not the self-seeking self, but the cause to which self is devoted. Prudence does not exclude the cross, loyalty, or sincerity, only in the light of the best faith regulates the time, place, and manner of their taking up. It is a conservative of present energies for a stronger push on the morrow, in the riper hour, because that is best, or it is ready to strike or speak now, if that is best. Perhaps I can cite for you an illustrative case or two, if any be needed. Livingston, Sumner, Lincoln are the three men cited. Of Livingston, in one brief line, the incident is this: He had just arrived in the dark continent when an African chief fell sick, and Livingston, as a physician, was sent for, who declined to doctor him, knowing that if the chief died, it would tell disastrously against his work. Was this prudence Christian, or was it his duty to venture upon the case and possibly fall at once before the dense ignorance around him? Again: The scene is the Puritan city of Boston, in the streets of which Shadrack, the runaway slave, had been arrested. This in the street. Up in the State House in the same city a senatorial contest was going on. For the vacant chair in Washington Charles Sumner was one of the nominees, with the slimmest chance of election. At just that unfortunate juncture Sumner was asked to defend Shadrack in the courts, which he declined to do, knowing well that such a step taken just then would defeat him in the State House. If he was ever to plead for the slave in Washington, he must refrain just then from doing the same for this particular slave in Boston. He was elected and began his long senatorial contest with the slave oligarchy, but by him Shadrack was not defended. Was this in Sumner Christian prudence? Still again, and this time Lincoln in Springfield: His friends were keeping guard over the future emancipator's mouth, lest some word escape fatal to his prospects. They had the feeling that Lincoln was designed for the presidency, and knew well that if he answered certain questions Lovejoy, the abolitionist, put to him in his (Lincoln's) best light, his chances were over. And true enough, had he spoken out just at that point, his word would have flown the land over and while he would have helped on the cause of freedom, it would have been, not as a genius of administration, but as a Garrison-like agitator, potent in the realm of the prophet, though unelevated to office. So Lincoln hid himself till the abolitionists were gone, and at last won his great prize. It came largely from his prudence. Was this Christian, such as Christ commands?

Now in answering the one question as to these three men, we must judge not from what appears, rather from the motive so largely hidden. If personal ambition controlled, and each sought in his prudence individual advancement, then, indeed, there was a devotion purer than theirs and their prudence was not of the highest. Then certainly the all abandoning Garrison was a man superior to Sumner and Lincoln, and the charge that Herndon makes against the emancipator, that he was a great trimmer with men though not with principles, passes easily into substantiation. We might say Jesus should have spoken his utmost to his disciples, whether they understood him or not, but provided he held their good in his heart, his prudence wears a beneficent face and it became his duty to withhold light, as to give it. If as discerners of spirits you find in Livingston, Sumner, Lincoln, no detached prudence standing on its own legs and pointing along the line of personal safety and glory, rather a sincere conserving of life for prolonged and higher service, then their courses seem indeed self-determined in duty. If Livingston was sincere of purpose in refusing to doctor the chief, if Sumner in declining to serve just then the runaway slave, and Lincoln in hiding from Lovejoy, could truly say that it was not to save themselves, but wise present reserve, that, ultimately, they might give themselves all the more, then I pronounce their prudence under love, and so Christian. As to what is true with these men, in fact, judge for yourselves.

But let us seek to circumnavigate this virtue in other ways. In the lower economics we may gather a lesson for the higher. Prudence, or its lack, runs, or may run, all through one's life through both his industrial and his spiritual warfare. Says Emerson, "Who has not seen the tragedy of improvident genius, struggling for years with paltry pecuniary difficulties, at last sinking chilled, exhausted, and fruitless, like a giant slaughtered with pins." But this lack of prudence in matters of food and raiment is matched by the same lack in higher concerns, and may lead to instant and pitiless tragedy. Many a giant of intellect, many a moral athlete, is so deficient in the prudentialities of all fine warfare as to sink prematurely on the field. My friend, it may be, lives from hand to mouth. A thriftless ancestry left the prudential out of his economic heritage, and as for to-morrow, it must take care of itself, as his to-day seems to be doing.

Give him a dollar and he knows not what part to spend, or how or what to keep. Give him a thought, much more a conviction with the soul of duty in it, and he goes forth to talk it without grace, reserve, self-control, beauty, or quietness. He stirs a great war where only a slight ripple is necessary. He excites an opposition so needless and yet so rank as to overpower and defeat himself. There is no end to the trouble he meets; foes innumerable come out of the woods to hew him in pieces. His sincerity degenerates into rude manners; he must begin and end his battle in a twinkling. The fox is said to carry his tail high, knowing that if he lowers and wets it, its weight will be increased. Many a toiler in the kingdom trails his endeavors so near the ground as to weight them with muddy waters, yet perceives not that his spiritual momentum is lessened.

Were I to cite an instance of this constitutional lack of prudence, both in its lower and higher ranges, what better could I do than to mention the poet Shelley? We are told that for his first novel, written when still a schoolboy, he received from his publisher the sum of forty pounds, which the poor student spends at once upon a farewell supper to a few of his schoolboy friends. Need we wonder that one capable of an act of imprudence like this, should carry the same into his religious warfare, as he afterwards did? He was an elemental and primeval creature, whose imagination was inflamed with visions of humanity made perfect, who found his strongest interests in the joys and sorrows of his fellowmen, yet who practically despised the prudence of the Nazarene and would not, if he could, be as wise as the serpent or as harmless as the dove. Have we not known some neighbor who pathetically moved us, inasmuch as, though working like a slave, through the leakage of the imprudent, never got on? So with this higher prudence, of which we speak, even the noblest impulses of the saint run in large measure wild of their mark, from lack of direction, method, and wisdom. Was Shelley prudent in the Christian sense? No, since he did not exercise that wise direction of conduct towards the hostile public which would best serve the cause in hand.

Let me give you another instance worthy of study in this connection. I refer to the American through whom Lafayette gave the key of the bastile to George Washington, ever since found at Mount Vernon. His life I have recently read, two volumes of it by Conway, and the most pathetic biography conceivable, because, in part, the man carried sincerity to a fanaticism and took heroically all the woeful consequences. How shall I speak his name? If I call him Tom, I break the resolution I made after closing the sad tale; if I designate him, not as Tom, but Thomas, some of you may decline to share in the implied respect. I refer to that Quaker, Thomas Paine. I propose to you a conundrum. Jefferson and Paine were two fast friends. In politics brother democrats of the ultra school. In religious sentiment, as far as I can discover, they were identical, and both were denounced as infidels. The conundrum, then, is this: Why do we speak of one with a respectful "Thomas," of the other with a contemptuous "Tom?" So hated was Paine that under cover of darkness his remains were spirited away from out the country, all save that legendary little finger said to remain, and to this day no man knows where they lie. If we say Paine was less of a quietist than was Jefferson, in fact, the opposite of all quietism, rather an ever boldly flowing oracle, we say what is true. If we say it was a matter of fate than one should languish in prison in Paris, the other reach the proud pinnacle of the presidency of the infant republic, we are but putting the charge plump upon God of being a respecter of persons, and explain nothing. If we say that Paine had a loftier ideality than had his friend, and struggled over it so as to bring himself inevitably to Golgotha, we speak the truth, I believe. When Jefferson was writing the Declaration of Independence, Paine suggested an anti-slavery clause which would have satisfied the Garrison of a later day, a veritable corner-stone, which Jefferson as a builder rejected, at the objection of Georgia and South Carolina, where slaves were wanted. Without doubt, in purity of devotion to an ideal Jefferson was unworthy to unloose the shoe latchet of his friend. If we say that, while the sage of Monticello was in religious agreement with Paine, he was merely a political, not a theological, agitator, while his friend covered a wider field, was a free lance in both a religious and a political realm and so reaped a double odium; this, too, is true. But while all this enters into a complete explanation of the hatred of the one and the comparatively respectful deference paid to the other, it is only partial. Jefferson, I am convinced, had the higher character, of which the higher prudence is the outcome. As he paddled his mental craft over the sea of human opinion, he did not leave so bitter a wake behind. He was the center of less strife because there was less of strife in his own bosom. He had much of the wisdom of the serpent. Paine, on the other hand, emulated the serpent more in his sting than in his wisdom. He had a genius for irritation and was, of all the fighting force of his generation, least of a non-resistant. I cannot think of him as other than retarding his thoughts' hospitable taking in, by his needless stirrings of human combativeness. With him, and such as he, peaceful agitation was ever leaping into grim and ugly war. The impulse to do and dare was so indiscriminately directed as to become a fanaticism and retard his cause. He evidently held prudence in contempt and saw no virtue in it. If the higher criticism has inclined to Paine, in spirit he is far removed from it. Was he prudent in the Christian sense, as he was free from prudence in the meaner sense? No, since he did not exercise that wise direction of conduct towards the hostile public which would best serve the cause in hand.

Imprudence, thus seen, begins to detract from the fine things of character, is a retardent, a waster, in part, of opportunity, or a failure to make full use of it. Will your patience endure another instance, that of the man already mentioned, Sumner, the great friend of the bond man? It has been my pleasure recently to read his life by Miss Dawes, daughter of the ex-senator. She says that Sumner was without sympathy and imagination, two ingredients, certainly, in the compound of the higher prudence. This explains, in a measure, the moral roughness and severity of his tongue and his seeming inability to put himself in another's place. His spirit, many times, was as gruff as was his voice in later life. I turned from the perusal of the woman's little book to a re-reading of the senator's speech which resulted in the fierce attack of Brooks. Now while Sumner was everlastingly right, and the South everlastingly wrong, I do not wonder that his speech fanned a most fierce flame of hatred.

Read in the cooler blood of these days, one cannot fail to feel its moral savagry, its unnecessary power to sting, its absence of that sympathy imagination gives. The din and brutality of the great popular movement, inevitable perhaps in a measure, Sumner added to by force of the untamed prophet within him. There was a superbly masculine sense of justice in him; add to this, we must, a lack of the tactful as an organic grace and a harsh use of speech, which certainly did not win, though it did exasperate and madden. Hence, compared with Lincoln, how charged with imprudence Sumner was. In him impudence and imprudence seem difficult at times to disentangle. In consequence, while he helped wonderfully, he also hurt woefully. He did not unite the harmlessness of the dove with sincerity, but well-nigh confounded the prophet with the savage, or thought that in the prophet sweetness and light could never kiss each other. Had he, then, the higher Christian prudence? No. As of Shelley, as of Paine, we can say of this regal senator, this phenomenal scholar and Puritan philanthropist in politics, this moral athelete whose beacon light of a conscience held aloft the moral law in days of halting and confusion; he does not meet our definition of prudence, since he did not exercise that wise direction of conduct towards a hostile public which would best serve the cause in hand.

Seen in the light of such instances, prudence rises from the level of mere self-preservation and takes on fineness of character. It is more than wisdom in the direction of one's conduct towards the hostile public —hostile, that is, to your cause—rather the best and noblest conduct. Whether it be of the higher or the lower type, it is composite; that is, many elements enter into its composition. The ordinary prudence of the pulpit is shrewd, cunning avoidance of the hostile public altogether. It stops with duty where duty becomes a field of danger, and at no point will abandon self-interest to the leadings of the spirit. We can pick these men up off-hand in any denomination—men of large endowment and of abundant light, yet who have all their prophetic instincts held in ambush by this lower prudence. They are not brave hearted prophets, are rather thoroughly worldly and unspiritual, in that they seek to conserve the organization instead of advancing the life of the people. Are they liberal? Yes, far beyond their public utterances, while to the eye of the real prophet they seem lacking in conviction and to be creeping, politician-like, along those lines of a commonplace heterodoxy where to be known as a liberal is so much stock in trade and involves no hazard. Hence these men, loved as they are, are dominated by the lower prudence and fail in their opportunity. Such men are surface leaders. Their common, soulless type of prudence is the smallness of great men in the pulpit, as elsewhere, and is the deserved butt of our contempt and ridicule. Like Caesar's conspicuous coat which he wore in battle, seen by his own legions and by the enemy, too, is this coat of prudence that the pulpit politician draws on; its colors please the eye of the conservative, at the same time it does not conceal him from the outside discerner of spirits. On the other hand, it is equally certain that he who rises above the lower prudence may not attain the higher. The brave soul whose spirit is unshamed by a single act of conscious policy, whose heart is as open as a peony in June, may be weak and wasteful in his warfare, in the lack of self-control and self-direction. For the higher prudence, like the lower, is composite. All that enters into exalted character is found within it. While men we rightly call great are least in the kingdom of this common prudence, they are always marked by the higher. Self-control enters into it; peace is a part of it—a quiet heart. Peace should ever be united, as a beatitude, with the warlike. Is not love, too, ever careful, kindly, unhasting, and patient? If the man in the pulpit is brave as an angel, yet intolerant; that is, unsweetened by the new light, he is imprudent and may awaken devils innumerable. If the new views he espouses have simply seized upon and inflamed his ambition, this, too, will prove an obstructing element in his course, will tend to make him imprudent. I repeat, then, the higher prudence is an outcome of the higher character. The atmosphere surrounding the prophet's personality, self-created in part, will ever be found to retard or accelerate the thoughts that he holds dear. Thus seen, prudence and loyalty may go in hand. It is worthy of our admiration, it is an element of beauty, an indispensable part of the finished character.

Perhaps I could not name one in the history of New England who better embodies this higher prudence, one with more of the symmetrical in character, than Dr. Channing. Doing his work in an age of controversial bitterness, he was ever sweet himself, with a bequest of sweetness to every follower. In his attack upon evil the spirit was so held in tone that the abolitionists, whose brave work was often crude and marred by corroding bitterness, thought it no attack at all. His strength was a gentled strength, so common with men of ethical genius, a strength unadulterated with the fighter's coarser ingredients. We may say that Channing was a great religious leader, though but a poor reformer. I do not so see it. The Channing type of reformer awaits its due appreciation. The reformer of the future will conform more to his type than to that of Lovejoy. Channing did not deem it necessary to raise the devil in order to kill him. His ideal, his lofty nature, held him to an untarnished spirit in his warfare, and he never thought that to be strong he must cease to befriend the enemy nor hue and cry at him as would a painted savage. Whatever be the strength of the reformer, it need never ask for the sacrifice of the spirit, as many times with the abolition prophet, well-nigh justifying Lowell's remark, "There never has been a leader of reform who was not also a blackguard." Is there no dropping off of the rough moral individuality and retaining strength? Is the savage the only strong man? Is not the prophet to be improved upon? Surely. The more under control and wisely reserving and self-directive a man is, is he the weaker? Alas! how much of the crude prophet's work must be done over, as its imperfection is forced upon us? When a pope dies, a cardinal taps the corpse three times upon the forehead and, receiving no answer, pronounces him dead. I hear the percussion of the hand of the prophet upon the head of the evil he attacks, and though he declares it dead, dead it is not; rather, in a new generation, rises into fresh vigor, only, to make clear the crudeness of his skill. Round out the spirit, make symmetrical your prophet, and his abortive attempts are fewer, the mixed motives grow purer, and the whole individuality is tamed. The higher prudence is inseparable from the higher character.

I have two points more to make. The first is this:

Prudence which makes safety final proves to be short sighted and spurious. It does not really see, in the sense of foreseeing. This higher prudence puts itself under the law of sacrifice and is positive and constructive. It sees, foresees and foreplans. Hence it is that the unspiritual prudences of the pulpit are so sure to turn out as imprudences. I cite to you an example of the same. When James Freeman Clarke was in the South, shortly before his death, he saw a seat beneath some live oaks where a young Boston preacher, Nehemiah Adams, sat and wrote a notorious book. In Samuel May's "Anti-Slavery Reminiscences" I read years ago of this young man's coming to Boston to the Old South Church pulpit. Those were lonely days for Garrison and Whittier, and when this man came and, in the ardor of youth, began to side so eloquently with the lowly abolitionists, there was a clapping of hands all down their ranks. But well did they know the contest before him, which he soon perceived for himself. He must change his tone or come down from his big pulpit. Friends bade him be prudent and not sacrifice his usefulness, as they always will, as though duty and usefulness had no primal relations with each other. He, too, on the high mountain of his ambition with the devil, was evidently caught up into the toils of the same moral sophism; at any rate, the change in tone came. Step followed step in the process of self-blinding, till at last the light within him was darkness, and going South upon vacations, he sat beneath the live oaks and wrote his book, "Southside Views of Slavery," a sad defense of human bondage. He followed a spurious prudence rather than duty, and fell infamously into the imprudent. He sought to save himself without self-surrender, and lives to-day principally in the record of his moral blunder. His prudence was nothing but a snuffing out of the candle of the Lord, a choosing of darkness rather than light. His was the low prudence that defeats self and cause alike. It did not conform to our definition of the higher prudence, was not conduct so wisely exercised towards the hostile public as to best serve the cause in hand.

Prudence like this is detached from foresight, and it destroys. I give you another instance, where prudence foresaw and was constructive. I refer you to the Reverend Thomas Wingfold, a curate in George McDonald's novel of that name. At first this young rector was a shallow piece of state church conventionality, born to a living and to a barrel of sermons falling down to him from his uncle. He was too indifferent to think, read, or write; in fact, was a preacher without a message, with no apparent core of earnestness in him. He fell, not into, but upon, the barrel, in the way of temptation, and began and went on reading his uncle's sermons, letting the people assume they were his. After a while conscience stirred within him, and, brave soul that he was at the bottom, he stood up one morning and made a clean breast of it to his congregation. A sensation followed. In making his straightforward confession he said that he should continue to give them others' sermons, though openly, until he could evolve one of his own. In the excitement which arose some of the people said, "What a scamp our curate was," while others said, "That was a manly confession; there must be within him the stuff of which the true man is made." So he began to triumph in his seemingly imprudent honesty. And soon, evolved freshly from the experience of that hour, there came to him a sermon, vital as life is vital, which he wrote and gave with before unfelt power. So the heroism which enabled him to rise above a menial prudence into the daring of confession had its triumph. It proved to be constructive, made for him a better future. The act of the curate showed itself to be that wise direction of conduct towards his public which best served the cause in hand. The curate was Christianly prudent.

My second point, and final, is this: The higher prudence is not found checking duty, as the lower does, only giving tone and direction to it. The line between the two—the dutiful and the prudential—is subtle, and must be guarded, lest one be found in cowardly action or in cowardly silence under that deception in which one supposes himself sincerely waiting for a time to strike. The land is full of those silent heroes who verily think they are waiting for a time to strike. But it is observed that they never get around to the time which the clock is always on the point of clanging, yet to their ears never clangs. And if conscious of holding back any conviction, they persuade themselves that it is for the good of the brotherhood at large. Here, in fact, lies a common fallacy, which involves a misapplication of the instance in which Jesus is declared as holding in his mind undelivered truth unbearable to the disciples. Failing to understand Jesus, they pervert the principle, make it stretch over the entire field of their aspiration, and treat the whole world as did Jesus the unprepared few. My friend, it may be, does not like to hear me talk; he is unappreciative, inhospitable, and unhungering, so it is wise to let him alone. But to assume that every one is like conditioned is to seal your lips entirely and leave your message unsaid. There are hundreds about you who are hungry for what is called the new, as my friend is satisfied with the old, and if in meeting them, as you must, you prove an offense to the weaker brother, the responsibility is not yours. Jesus himself did not cease to deliver his message because to the unspiritual dullard he was proving a stumbling block. Birds dash themselves against the light-house and are killed—a lighthouse that must be lighted, though not to kill birds, rather to guide ships that pass in the perilous night. Shall we, because of the dead bird, tear down these houses and let the ships go thumping upon the rocks? Shall we allow our necessary silence to a friend inhospitable to the dawn justify our desertion of those longing for it? We used to hear it said when Beecher was in the land, "He does not talk out his utmost to his people, only that fragmentary part they are prepared for," and this was said approvingly. But could we rightly approve? If there were those in the great preacher's flock likely to be hurt by a too powerful raying of his light, think also of the number who would have been advanced had he been marked by a more perfect sincerity. If from under his church roof many had been driven out others would have been drawn in, and, if not maintaining the numerical strength of his following, it would have increased its spiritual power many fold. Whatever prudence ever does, it never lessens that vital force we call sincerity. Without this there is no felt power of God. It is never safe to be other than sincere, though to us many times it never seems safe to be so. We try to make sincerity and safety go together. We say, "Wait till the denomination grows, take a consensus of opinion, and declare

that the hour for the delivery of the prophet's message is at last striking in the old meeting house steeple. But, thank God, the prophet is full of a divine impatience; he cannot wait, nor be run by that rickety old time-keeper, the denominational clock. It is true that times do become ripe, "rotten ripe for change," when alone some things can be done, but how this ripening save by brave men's daring, sincere men's uplift, earnest men's persistency? We are often found waiting for times that are safe which would never come at all save by force of somebody's brave not waiting. All this is a falling back upon prudence of the worldly sort. It is a prudence that does not even preserve, and, in the long run, is inadequate even as a policy. It is not that wise discretion of conduct to the hostile public which will best serve the cause in hand

John Burroughs describes a contest between a snake and a lizard. The reptile actually had it in mind to swallow his antagonist, which the lizard prevented by biting his tail and making a hoop of himself. The snake glided around and around, looking for an end to begin at, and being unable to swallow a hoop, crawled away crushed by the heel of defeat. Now men do something like this in their fear of the great hostile world—mentally they hoop themselves. A large part of the Protestant world is well represented by the cunning of the lizard. You go about men and women for some logical end with which to begin, only, like the snake, to find none. You are dealing with a mental hoop. The shrewd caution in which one mutilates or suppresses a conviction—here you have your hoop. Thoughtful people turn worldly wise and, rolling their convictions in the soiled napkin of prudence, bury them. Further, they rise up in loud tones to justify their quietism as Christian policy. Instead of following the word of Jeremiah, "Let every man speak truth to his neighbor," their cry is, "Why, if you put a jewel into a pig's snout, it goes rooting into the mire. Come, let us be dainty." I need not say that under this attitude religion ceases to be an organic force in society, as it always does when those timidly sitting in the towers of ancient beliefs become non-committal over questions of supreme importance. They become an enfeebling influence among men, merely a passive and indolent conservatism held to life by gravitation, as it were, instead of abiding in it actively by a living law. What need of saying that the cunning of the lizard is not Christian prudence? This is not directing one's conduct to best serve the cause in hand, is rather to allow the lower to dominate the higher self, which is to say in plainest terms that we have no cause in hand whatever.

DISCUSSION AND BUSINESS.

At the close of the paper the report of the Committee on Nominations was presented by Mr. Faville, chairman. The officers elected list was published in the New Unity of October 27th, 1898.

The Secretary: Mr. Chairman, Mr. Gould, who was detained from being present yesterday morning when the delegates were heard from, is here as a representative of the Western Unitarian Conference with resolutions from that body. I suggest that we hear from him now.

The Chair: Brother Gould, come forward. We are very glad to hear from you.

Mr. Gould: Mr. President, friends of the Liberal Congress, as you have been told, I am here as the fraternal delegate of the Western Unitarian Conference. Our Conference has always felt a deep interest in the Liberal Congress. We stand for the same principle, absolute intellectual freedom in religion, that you have taken as your basis, and we feel ourselves somewhat responsible for you, because we pride ourselves in thinking that by the training we gave your General Secretary, Mr. Jones, for several years, by being our Secretary, we prepared him for the higher interest now thrust upon him. We widened him so that he was not content with any pent-up Utica, but wished to bring in all the world to reap the feast. So we feel, as I said, both an interest in this organization and a responsibility for it. I am sure you will share the interest that I felt in a book that I read within two or three weeks, a book on "The Science of Religion," by Prof. Thiele of Holland. He reduced all the laws in the development of religion to two great laws; one of these was the unity of the human mind, i. e., that you cannot advance a part of your mind, the moral side or the scientific side, without advancing your religious side. So religion must grow as you grow in morals and science. That was one. And the other was just the principle you have adopted here. He said, looking over all the religions of the past, he found that growth in religion depended upon the contact from other religions received by the growing religion. Isolation meant death in religion and growth meant contact with other religions. He instances the religion of Israel. You know how the Israelites were dragged down, driven out into the desert; how they finally found their way into Palestine and came into contact with the Moabites; and then they were carried in captivity into Babylon. Then came the Greeks and put their religion over them, and finally the Romans. So, as this philosopher says, Jehovah long ago tried this plan of having a sort of itinerant parliament of religions. It took centuries to accomplish it, but it resulted in the development of a religion that was more satisfying to the human heart and gave birth to a finer religion.

As I came upon this as the latest truce of science and religion, I thought to myself here is the Liberal Congress doing in a single day or two, in a single week, by bringing all these ministers from the different denominations to be touched by different religions, what Jehovah took a good many centuries to do. And so I feel like congratulating you, and I hope that we may all get the quickening that comes from stepping outside our own denomination. It is a grand thing to meet in this way.

Mr. Jones: The Secretary is oftentimes accused of crowding programs, and some one always goes away regretting that something has not been said, some business has not been introduced. It is the law of congresses and conferences that in order to do it you have to overdo it. But now we have still fifteen minutes of time. If there are any suggestions to make in the way of business or otherwise now is a good time to do it.

The Chair: That is a good suggestion. Has any one anything to bring before us? That last paper was a very suggestive one at this time.

Mr. Powell: Mr. Chairman, if no one else wants to talk about that paper I will say just a word. It was a wonderfully bright, suggestive paper, but I could not

help thinking as he went through with his references to historical characters how very difficult it is to make an estimate of an historical character that we will all agree with. It seems to me there was something a little deeper to mark the distinction between Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine than prudence. Thomas Jefferson had that marvelous sympathy which made him what he was, the power of bringing people together, a sympathy with human nature. Thomas Jefferson, when elected president, said: "My first effort will be to bring all the people of America together. It will be to placate John Adams." There is a recent book almost now out of the press of Houghton, Mifflin, entitled "John Adams"; and those of you who know that American history has always been seen through New England's spectacles, need not to be told that John Adams has been obscured, but that he was the grandest character, the most intellectual, of our Revolution, Jefferson alone excepted. Now this last book restores Adams to his place and gives a true estimate of Thomas Jefferson. If I were to say what was the real difference between Jefferson and Paine I would say it was just that sympathy and constructive ability which Paine did not have. Paine was warm-hearted and impulsive. Perhaps neither of them was lacking in prudence, perhaps both. It was several years before Jefferson could accomplish his grand end. By and by Mr. Adams wrote a letter to Jefferson; pretty soon he was not quite satisfied with that letter, and writes another, then Jefferson. You can see how that sympathy worked, until at last both passed out of life on the same day and nearly the same hour.

Here comes out that wonderful beauty of character, that constructive power, that ability of Jefferson to reach over the present. You find Thomas Paine could not budge. Sometimes it is a duty to lay down all prudence. I do not believe that Jesus Christ would have died three years after he began his ministry if he had not lacked prudence.

Dr. Thomas: I think that paper was especially opportune if we cared to apply it to what is called denominational or religious prudence in our time, which has developed into a kind of high art of diplomatic expediency, a kind of theological rope walking, whereby a great many are capable of appearing as two characters; and there is growing up an aristocracy, as they call it, of this kind, of the men who are able to stay in the orthodox churches, while they really belong to the liberal churches, and it has come to be passed around—they are a "little more prudent," they are "expedient." Now, while there should be prudence, expediency, but this I think is true—Jesus Christ never left any doubt where He stood, nor did Moses, nor did Isaiah, nor Ezekial, nor Amos, hence I think that our prudence should not take away the great manhood and womanhood of our time.

Mr. Jones: Mr. Chairman, the difference between me and some here is this: As Secretary I want to make speeches and must not, some of you can make speeches and do not want to. Before making the announcements I want to pay my tribute of gratitude to the last speaker (Mr. Peabody) for simply having pronounced the full first name of the writer of Common-Sense and the Tracts of the People. It seems a small thing for a minister to do—to simply say "Thomas Paine" instead of "Tom Paine," but it is well for us to remember that we have waited over a hundred years to have a Baptist minister who would do that kind of thing with cordial grace and easy reverence. I am not here to extemporize upon his analysis of this character. It is not for me to pass judgment upon the accuracy of his judgment or the fitness of his subject, but I am here to say that the one element in the ostracism and contumely that have been heaped upon this man, most obtrusive, was the pig-headedness of humanity, the mountainous bigotry of human nature, the century-old blindness of ecclesiasticism. Thomas Paine of course had his faults, so did Thomas Jefferson I suppose, but it was not on account of his faults, but on account of his virtues that he has been nicknamed for a hundred years. It was not on account of his shortcomings, but on account of the shortcomings of the human nature that was around him that he has been abused and maligned who ought to be honored and revered. It is many years now that I have made it a point of conscience to speak whenever I can, and as often as I can, of this man with his full name. Let us teach our children to say "Thomas Paine" instead of "Tom Paine." Until we do this we not only allow them to rest in a theological falsity and cruelty, but we allow them to look at American history from a wrong angle, and we debar them from appreciating some of the mighty forces that made for this republic, and to underestimate that man whose pen was "mightier than the sword," and whose presence was a comfort and a consolation to him we call "The Father of our country." I feel that this Congress is justified in bringing our friend, Mr. Peabody, all the way from Rome, N. Y., to Omaha if he did nothing else (and he did much more) than to say in this assembly "Thomas Paine" instead of "Tom Paine." I am obliged to him. We are all grateful to him.

Mr. Powell: I think there is danger of our overestimating Paine. Thomas Paine, after we have said all that can be said of the character and power of his youth, was unquestionably pretty nearly a vagabond in later life. I think I sympathize with my brother in his desire to do justice, but let us be careful not to overdo it.

Dr. Thomas: That is one beauty of the Liberal Congress, our agreement, our coming together. The possibility of our coming together is in the common love of truth and of right. We do not ask, we do not expect, any one to compromise. We expect in the common love of truth the largest and fullest expression. It is one platform where we can all come together—that is, all educated men and women who have something to say and deep convictions. And hence we have both sides of all these questions, and go away with much broader vision. One reason why Thomas Paine suffered more than Thomas Jefferson is that more than Jefferson he entered the field of religion, the field of theology, and when you enter that field you enter the emotional field where you may expect not only the greatest love but the bitterest hatreds if they are called forth.

Mr. Mackay: On behalf of the churches I want to say a word. There seems to be always the danger of a misunderstanding. I want to tell you a little incident that will probably set our President right. We who stay in the churches are not there from merely motives of prudence. I remember standing before Phillips Brooks one time, and I said, "Doctor Brooks is a man always to say what he believes to be true?" And he

answered, straightening up in his grand way, "Most assuredly so." And before God I can say I have never, from that day to this, held back a particle of truth, and I am still in good standing in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Now, I want to state I have been entertaining one of the most prominent Methodists in the city of Chicago, and he stated to me the other day in talking of Dr. Thomas that there was not a particle of doubt if Dr. Thomas was in the Methodist Church today he would be kept busy preaching in the Methodist Church. The fact of the matter is, he never should have been driven out. The spirit of Congress has come in amongst us, and it has come to stay.

Adjournment.

THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 20.

8 p. m.—Dr. Thomas: The audience will please rise and join with Rev. N. M. Mann of Omaha in the Lord's Prayer.

The Chair: Dr. Hirsch will make a statement to the meeting.

Dr. Hirsch: It was the old Prince Bismarck who said that to conduct war three things were required. The first thing was money, the second thing was money, and the last thing was money. To carry on the warfare of the Liberal Congress work requires also three things—money, money, and again money. We do not like this aspect of the situation, but we cannot help it. As long as we are living in an industrial world of competition, of trusts and trade unions, of a capitalistic, organized society, we run up against money all the time. It is a very pleasant thing to have money. From olden times to the present day apostles have not been very much blessed in that direction. Mr. Jones has to wrestle constantly with the difficulty how to get money and where it is to come from. Now the Board of Directors have looked into the situation. We need imperatively $3,500 next year to carry on our work. We have resolved to raise that amount. Some of us have pledged ourselves to be responsible, each one for a certain amount. We will ask no contribution in cash tonight, though we do not put an embargo upon your generosity if you desire to make a contribution of that kind. Ours is not a religious meeting in that sense in which the old sailor, found among other shipwrecked passengers on a barren rock, was a religious situation. His associates in misery began praying, singing hymns and reciting verses from the Bible. He remained silent and was reproved for doing nothing religious. He said he had never been taught anything religious. Finally they said he had got to do something religious, so he picked up his hat and passed it around. We shall not do that tonight, but you will find in your pews a statement of the finances and attached thereto a slip which can be detached. We should like as many of you as feel inclined to sign that slip and indicate in what class you would like to travel to heaven, the life or annual; in either class you will find good traveling companions. We want as many of you as feel able to do so to fill out that slip, indicating what the amount of your contribution is. These slips will be collected some time during the meeting tonight. It is a grand work. But tonight whatever you may subscribe you can get your money's worth. It is worth twenty-five dollars to hear Dr. Jordan recite the lessons, "Lest We Forget," and let me ask you not to forget. I am here to remind you "lest you forget!" "lest you forget!"

Dr. Thomas: In the absence of Senator Manderson, who is not able to be here this evening, I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Edward Rosewater of Omaha as chairman of the meeting.

Mr. Rosewater: Ladies and Gentlemen:—"Some men are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them." Tonight I am fully impressed that I belong to the latter class. This afternoon I was invited to act as a substitute in this international warfare for the valiant General Manderson, one of our eminent citizens, and I rather fear that that substitution will not be as agreeable to you as it is to myself. It reminds me very much of an incident that happened some twelve years ago when I was requested to act as substitute for Senator John P. Jones at a Farmers' Congress that assembled on the other side of the river, or, rather to deliver an address on the slavery question, but my hearers were so sorely disappointed that many of them were disposed to fall upon me bodily before I got very far, and the last thing I had to do was to fight my way out of the hall.

We are confronted with great problems, problems that will tax the sagacity and the patriotism of every great statesman in this land, problems that are now in the mouth of every individual who is giving the subject any thought, and I feel sure that no man in this country is more capable of discussing these problems fearlessly, thoroughly, learnedly, than is the gentleman who is about to address you here tonight. It is not for me to assume his place or undertake a discussion of the question that is to come before you. Suffice it to say that we are all more deeply interested in his discussion because he comes from the Pacific Coast, where every man, woman and child has got the malaria of territorial expansion, and where any one who may differ is almost in danger of being mobbed. They are pretty nearly as wild on that subject as they were some years ago when the dictum was pronounced, "the Chinese must go." So when we hear from the Pacific Coast, from the greatest of universities west of the Mississippi river, and when we hear from the president of that institution, a man eminent the world over for his great scholarship, we shall certainly be enlightened. I now have the pleasure of introducing to you President David Starr Jordan of the Leland Stanford University, California.

[*Mr. Jordan's paper is withheld for publication in the forthcoming number of the* NEW WORLD.]

The Chairman: In the spring of 1897 there assembled in the city of Washington what was known as the Universal Postal Congress. That body was the most impressive example of international comity that has ever been seen on the American continent. Sixty-two nations were there represented by their most eminent men to compare together the laws relating to international commerce carried on through the postoffices and the mails of the world and to pass such amendments to these laws as were deemed advisable. Within that body were representatives of Great Britain and of the Transvaal. There was a Turkish minister and the postmaster general of Egypt; also representatives of Japan, China and Persia. There were represented the far Eastern countries, and the beauty of that great congress was that in that gathering every one stood

upon a perfect equality. The United States of America only had one vote. Great Britain had but one vote, and Roumania or Greece, or the smallest country on the earth, had just as much voice in that parliament of nations as had the greatest nations in the world. There was during the period of its session perfect harmony among these delegates from various governments, representing the very nations that had been formerly at war with each other, some almost in a state of war at that time. It was an example, as I stated, of the growth of international comity and good will. But it is not for me to discuss the question taken up by abler men, but simply to indicate what the trend of their views may be. I now have the pleasure of introducing the Rev. Mr. Simmons of Minneapolis, who will address you on "The Growth of International Sentiment."

Mr. Simmons: I have not been able to hear a word that has been spoken, but I agree with it all, I think. If I do not I shall show it before I get through.

THE GROWTH OF INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL.

BY REV H. M. SIMMONS OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Social harmony is a thing of slow growth. At first not even the family had much of it. The Bible represents the very founder of Israel as deceiving his dying father to rob his twin brother—represents his sons in turn as selling their best brother into slavery and nearly slaying him; and the story, however to be treated, is true enough of primitive society. Even when the family was united, it was in frequent feud with others, and we are wont to say the primitive state of man was war.

But families learned to unite in clans, and these again in tribes. Within the tribe, the former quarrels ceased, and people who hated found it was wiser to help each other. But they of course remained hostile to outsiders, and thought it sacred duty to plunder them; so that Pathan and Afridi mothers would pray that their sons might become skillful thieves, and the Turkoman who stole most became a saint and had pilgrimages made to his tomb. The Dyaks, though described as among themselves "humane to a degree that might well shame" us, were yet famed for ferocity to others, and their gentlest maiden would show no favor to her lover until he brought an enemy's skull to adorn the bridal chamber, and wanted two or three more to give good omen to the birth of her babe. Countless savages have shown this contrast, being very brotherly within the tribe, but very brutes beyond it. It is growing harmony, but still the narrow harmony of a hornet's nest.

But with further progress, either by conquest or consent, tribes are united in larger groups, and these at length in a nation, which much extends the harmony. Through its own territory, it stops those intertribal quarrels, and in their place establishes peace, law, order, industry, new civilization. Peace still further cultivates kindly feelings, so that most ancient nations proclaimed humane principles, and the literature not only of Israel, but of Egypt, India and Greece is full of charitable precepts. Plato, ten generations before Christ, summed up the duties of an Athenian in the prayer: "May I, being of sound mind, do to others as I would that they should do to me;" and already the ideal of the golden rule was familiar from Athens to the ends of Asia. Patriotism was carried to an extreme that we can hardly conceive to-day—and Cicero said no man could be called good unless willing to die for his country.

But it was only patriotism. That humanity was only national, and not thought owed to aliens. Egypt, with all her praise of kindness, glorified cruelty toward other nations. Greeks, though more humane, hardly tried to be to foreigners, and Plato in proclaiming that golden rule, did not mean that it was to be practiced toward barbarians. Even the Israelites, however divine they thought the Decalogue for home use, long thought it their duty to break it in dealing with other nations. The Bible tells how Joshua carefully inscribed upon the stones of his altar in Mt. Ebal "the law of Moses," including of course the command "Thou shalt not kill," and then went right on to kill all the people in those Canaanitish cities, "left none remaining, but utterly destroyed all that breathed." Of course we need not suppose that he really was so cruel, and the Bible itself goes on to tell us that right after his death those very cities and peoples which he had so "utterly destroyed" were still flourishing, undisturbed by the annihilation. But the story shows the ideals all the same. Early Israelites, like other ancient peoples, while attaining to high standards of humanity in their own nation, had little thought of practicing these beyond its limits.

But in time, chiefly through conquest, nations were in turn united in larger federation which stopped their mutual strife and brought an international peace. Even Alexander's conquests brought such a union for a time; and Plutarch says of him: "Conceiving that he was sent of God to unite all together, he formed of a hundred diverse nations a single body," and "desired that all should regard the world as their common country."

This principle was carried further under Roman rule, which, with all the wrongs it wrought, still joined warring peoples from the British isles to the Euphrates in comparative peace. In this wider union, patriotism outgrew its national limits into something like humanity. Cicero urged "charity to the whole human race," and Lecky says, "maintained the doctrine of universal brotherhood as distinctly as it was afterward maintained by the Christian Church." Even religious tolerance was so advanced that Merivale says the Romans, in the height of their power, allowed "every race and every man among their subjects to worship his God after his own fashion" in the very shadow of Jupiter's temple on the Capitol. The golden rule was extended beyond Plato's thought. Varro wrote: "What we wish for ourselves, we should wish for others, and this affection, extending outward from the city, should embrace the whole group of nations that form humanity." That idea was common among the Stoics in the century before Christ.

The old eagerness for conquest decayed. Some 30 B. C. the temple of Janus was closed, for the first time in 600 years, it was said, and there began that great peace so famous as the "Pax Romana," which was destined, Duruy says, "to draw the nations together," and "to be the real imperial divinity to whom the greatest of the Roman emperors, Augustus, Vespasian and Trajan, will build temples." Poetry sang its praise. Horace, in his first ode, says wars are "detested by mothers," and many a writer spoke as if they were detested by all. Tibullus begins an elegy by asking who was the brute who first forged swords. Virgil declares "the cursed insanity of war," "scelerata

insania belli." Nor did even this equal the censure of Cicero, who long before had written, "I prefer the most unjust peace to the most just war." The sentiment continued. In the time of the Apostles, the pagan Lucan predicted the time when the world "will cast aside its weapons and all nations will learn to love." Somewhat later in that first century, the noted temple of Peace was built at Rome, and became the chief receptacle of works of art, the favorite gathering place of artists and the learned. Most of the second century was marked by general peace; and eighty years of it are what, Gibbon says, scholars would "without hesitation" call "the period in the history of the world, during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous." And though corruptions within and barbaric invasions from without soon brought evils enough in that empire; still, at the end of the fourth century, the last great Latin poet, Claudian, sings the blessings of that union of nations, which has, he says, joined "remote peoples by a pious bond," "cherished the human race by a common name," so that strangers may find a home wherever they go, may travel to furthest Thule, drink from the Rhone and the Orontes, and "we are all one race."

It looked as if we might remain one. For now had been established in that empire a religion whose central principle was peace and brotherhood. That principle, nobly taught by Jewish prophets and broadened by later Rabbis, had at length been preached with especial emphasis by the early Christians. They taught that Jesus had been born with the angelic announcement of "peace on earth;" that in one beatitude he had blessed the meek, in another the merciful, and in a third had glorified "peace-makers" with the very highest name of "sons of God;" that he had ordered to love even enemies, to forgive 70 times 7 times, and even when smitten on one cheek to turn the other. True to these teachings, many early Christians had refused to fight even in self-defense; and "a powerful party, which counted among its leaders Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, Origen, Lactantius and Basil, maintained that all warfare was unlawful for those who had been converted." Such promise was there of harmony among the nations. The Roman Empire and the "Pax Romana" had united them and removed their national prejudices; stoicism had preached peace and universal brotherhood as a philosophy; and the Christianity, which was now established, had preached them more powerfully as a religion taught by a very God.

But this onward movement was soon reverted and curiously reversed. The very emperor who had established Christianity, made it martial, took even its sacred cross, inscribed with the monogram of Christ, as the standard of his imperial armies, and so, says Dean Milman, "the meek and peaceful Jesus became a God of battle." Still more warlike did Christianity grow by opposing and absorbing the barbarians who conquered the Roman empire. More warlike still did it become by its conflict with Mohammedans. The Arabs had been peculiarly a fighting people; and their traditions told of 1,700 battles before Mahomet, and one war of forty years occasioned by two horses. This spirit was kept by Mohammedans, and caught by Christianity in its conflict with them. Says Lecky: "The spirit of Mohammedanism slowly passed into Christianity, and transformed it into its own image. For about two centuries every pulpit in Christendom proclaimed the duty of war with the unbeliever, and represented the battlefield as the sure path to heaven. The religious orders which arose united the character of the priest with that of the warrior, and when, at the hour of sunset, the soldier knelt down to pray before his cross, that cross was the handle of his sword. It would be impossible to conceive any more complete transformation than Christianity had undergone."

This martial spirit which Christians acquired by conflict with the heathen, they continued in their contests with each other and with heretics. There came many and long wars expressly called "religious," in which different branches of the church sought to annihilate one another in the name of their common Lord, and in disobedience to his whole teaching. Instead of forgiving, they fought. Instead of presenting their cheeks, they presented their swords. Instead of loving their enemies, they butchered each other. For centuries, wars were continued in the professed service of him who gave his highest blessing to peace makers, and cities were sacked and men burned to cinders in the name of the religion of love. As Tennyson says: "Christian love among the churches looked the twin of heathen hate."

Even after religious wars were ended, there remained those of the rival nations which had risen from the ruins of the Roman empire. Within the territory which Stoic emperors had kept in comparative peace, these Christian nations, for the sake of petty provinces or pettier principles, fought each other in frequent wars and with an extent of slaughter which makes the battles of barbarians look innocent. The Seven Year's war, for instance, destroyed nearly a million lives, and Napoleon's campaigns over two millions. The wars besides left a barbarous legacy of international bitterness, and S. C. Hall says the three chief precepts taught him when a child were to be a good boy, and love his mother, and hate the French.

But wise men had long been asking why this international hostility and all the waste and worse that it brought. Why take such pains to abolish violence in every nation, and then cultivate it on a vastly larger scale between nations? If justice is so good a thing, why stop it at the state line? Why punish the stealing of a coat or a cow, then praise the stealing of whole countries? Why hang the citizen who murders one man, and then honor the ruler who murders a million? Is the moral law altered by office or epaulettes? Why call it disgraceful for two men to fight with fists, but glorious for two armies to join in fight infinitely more ferocious and fatal? If courts are such a blessing in every nation, why not have them between nations?

These questions were asked by many thinking men, such as Henry IV., St. Pierre, Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte. Among them should be especially noticed Voltaire. John Morley says: "We can never honor Voltaire too long nor too deeply" for this, since "he was the first influential writer who deliberately placed war among retrograde agencies, and deliberately dwelt upon peaceful industry as the true life of nations." But hardly less emphatic was our own Ben. Franklin. Long before Gen. Sherman said "war is hell," Franklin called it so. In 1781 he wrote a story of an angel visiting earth and seeing the fight of the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse. At sight of the sinking ships and savage slaughter, the angel cried to his guide, "You blundering blockhead, you have brought me, not to

earth, but to hell." "No," replied the guide, "this is earth and these are men. Devils never treat each other in this cruel manner. They have more sense, and more of what men vainly call humanity." And everybody knows how Franklin wrote, "There never was a good war." Even Carlyle, in his "Sartor Resartus," took pains to show what he called "the net purport and upshot of war," by that vivid picture of thirty men from an English village and thirty more from a French, sent to the battlefield to face each other, each with a gun in his hand. At the word "Fire!" "they blow the souls out of one another, and in place of sixty useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead corpses which it must bury and anon shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the slightest!" They slew each other only because their governments ordered.

Such censures of the war system increased. Daniel O'Connell said no political question was worth the shedding of a drop of blood. Lowell, in those scathing "Biglow Papers," denounced even the war in which his country was engaged at the time; for, as he makes Parson Wilbur say, "our true country" is not a certain territory, but "that ideal realm, bounded on the north, south, east and west by justice," and "there is a patriotism of soul, whose claim absolves us from our other and terrene fealty." This truer "patriotism" orders him to oppose his government. Hosea Biglow still more pointedly says, "ez fer war, I call it murder," "it's curus Christian dooty, this 'ere cuttin' folks' throats;" and he has a special stanza against "them editors" who have been stirring up the war that none of them go to, and whom he compares to a peach that has got "the yellows," "with the meanness bustin' out." Elsewhere, too, Lowell tells of the countless "battles which proved nothing and settled nothing, conquests which shifted the boundaries on the map, and put one ugly head instead of another on the coins that the people paid to the tax-gatherer." About the same time, Charles Sumner gave those learned and logical addresses showing not only the wickedness, but the wastefulness of the system under which a single warship in Boston harbor has cost more than all the accumulated wealth of Harvard College, and the mere annual expenses of that ship were four times as much as those of Harvard; and concluding with the declaration, "There can be no war that is not dishonorable." So was the system regarded by wise men in growing number, and Buckle in his great book forty years ago treated war as an evil which was soon to become obsolete.

But of course the mass of the people thought otherwise. They naturally still kept the opinions and feelings that had prevailed in their ancestors for a thousand years. And it has to be admitted that they were encouraged in this by the very clergy. Lecky says the Christian clergy, as a whole, since Constantine, have increased rather than diminished wars. Voltaire rebuked those of his day for preaching against petty evils and ignoring this greatest one which contained "all crimes" and did more harm than "all the vices combined;" and he said they "declaim for five quarters of an hour against the mere pricks of a pin, and say no word on the curse which tears us into a thousand pieces." In England also, the established clergy, even up to our own times, have almost unanimously supported war, and left the Christian words against it to be spoken by dissenters and even so-called infidels; so that a wit said that Bradlaugh, the atheist, ought to be made Archbishop of Canterbury, since he had preached Jesus' principles of peace, while that dignitary had denied them. In this country, too, the clergy have generally favored not only particular wars, but war in itself. Francis A. Walker, in 1869, published a notable magazine article about this. He said that in five years pretty constant attendance at church, and from fifty different pulpits, he had "not heard a single discourse which was devoted to the primitive Christian idea of peace, or which contained a perceptible strain of argument or appeal for international good will." He told of a clergyman who went through the eastern towns advocating a war with England; and of another eminent D. D., who advocated it at the General Assembly of his denomination. He told of a convention of clergymen in Boston, where the proposal from a member that they unite in prayer for the aversion of the Franco-Prussian war and for the peaceable solution of the trouble, was greeted by the president with a violent speech in which "war was exalted as the great agent of human progress, and the poor peacemaker, anything but blessed, was morally hustled out of the convention, and victory remained with the fighting parson." Gen. Walker said further, "the unquestionable fact is that the clergy are the most demoralized body in the community, in this respect," since they ignore the economic principles against war, while their ardent feelings or prejudices prevented them from taking a true moral view of it. So Gen. Sherman said to a body of clergymen in Washington: "You gentlemen in black coats are the men who make war; we of the army and navy simply end the wars which you bring on." With even the preachers of the "prince of peace" showing such favor for war, no wonder the people do.

And we know how they do, in England at any rate. A few weeks ago, so prominent an Englishman as Sir Wilfrid Lawson, wrote of the British wars of the present year as follows: "A few thousands massacred last Good Friday at the Atbara filled Englishmen with joy during the holy Easter season, and whetted our appetite for what has followed on a larger scale at Khartoum. The reports indicate that our perfected machinery of slaughter has been effective in mowing down some 10,000 or 12,000 men who were fighting for their country; and in wounding a still larger number who at this very moment are lingering out their last moments in indescribable agony in the holes and hiding places into which they have crept to die. Such, sir, are the glorious doings for which bishops are thanking God, poets are writing impassioned sonnets, and over which almost all our able leader writers in the press are waxing more or less hysterical with delight."

And we know how the people of this country, and especially of the West, have been growing eager for war with some country or other. This is well illustrated in an article in the last (September) number of the "Nineteenth Century" by the eminent Edward Dicey. He told how, about three years ago, at a dinner given to some Americans in London, he was seated beside a man who had served with distinction in our civil war, and was now a leading citizen of San Francisco and prominent California financier. The after-dinner speeches had dwelt as usual on the brotherhood of the British and American nations, and their common Anglo-Saxon mission to advance the peace

and prosperity of the world. After listening to them, the Californian remarked that while he personally agreed with all that in principle, it was not true in fact, at least as far as the West was concerned; for, said he, "in the West we are spoiling for a war." "With whom?" asked Mr. Dicey. "With England, for choice," replied the Californian, "but as long as they can get a war with somebody, it does not matter much with whom." "But what is the cause of 'this bellicose sentiment,'" asked Mr. Dicey. "Well," the Californian replied, "it might be partly caused by dull trade, low wages, hard times and the enormous pensions paid to old soldiers; but," said he, "I think the main cause is the desire of all our young men to have a war of their own, so as to enable them to show that they are as good men as their fathers. At any rate," said he, "I am sure that our people will take the first opportunity that presents itself for going to war." Such was the American sentiment, according to a man well qualified to judge.

And we know how soon that sentiment was shown. Only a few months after, a United States Senator, from the other extremity of the country, published over his own signature an article entitled "Our Coming War With England," declaring that it was "inevitable," and that in it "a million of men and muskets will overrun Canada, and England's commercial ships will be swept from the ocean." Within a few weeks that little trouble about a boundary line in Venezuela aroused a cry for such a conflict. We kept our Christmas season of "peace on earth" by a general clamor for war; and after our press and people had just gone through a contortion of horror about a proposed pugilistic contest between two worthless fools down in Texas, we were eager to send several hundred thousand Christians into the ring, to blow each other to pieces in battles whose barbarity would make pugilism seem pious. Congress was ablaze. The Senator introduced his bill for those million rifles and kindred preparations, and a hundred million dollars to pay for them. Even the sacred chaplain of the House put in his prayer the petition, "May we be quick to resent anything like an insult;" and took pains to close the prayer with the phrase, "through Christ our Lord," as if such quick resentment were the true service of him who had ordered us to love our enemies and to forgive their insults 490 times. Even an honorable ex-governor was reported as saying that probably the war would embroil all the leading nations of Europe, as well as India, and "practically the whole world would be in conflagration"; but, he added, that the idea, though terrific, is "grand and magnificent." Some argued that besides being magnificent, it would be a needed moral tonic to the nation, and greatly improve even our spiritual character. Many papers held out the happy promise that the war would end with our capture and permanent possession of Canada; as if, while a shameful crime for England to steal a few square miles from Venezuela, it would be most praiseworthy for us to steal a thousand times as much from her. It was, you see, a standard of justice very like that of the storied savage who, when asked to illustrate his ideas of right and wrong, said it was wrong for another man to steal his cow, but right for him to steal all the cows of the other man.

That particular war ended in words. But the spirit remained, and when afterward Great Britain proposed that we unite with her in the promotion of world-peace by a general treaty of arbitration, our Congress refused, and did it largely out of hostility to her.

Still, as that Californian said, it did not make much difference what country we warred with, and this year the foe has changed. Many of the people who so lately wanted to annihilate England, have this season fallen on her neck in a gush of affection, and have transferred their belligerence to a much safer contest with poor little worn out old Spain. The contest was of course carried on in the name of humanity; but it was evident that the real motive was more like the one in that chaplain's prayer, that we might be quick to resent insults. So quick we were, that before there was any insult or the slightest evidence that the Spaniards had anything to do with the destruction of our ship, the country clamored to avenge it, and the real cry of the war was "Remember the Maine." Indeed the insult seems to have been on the other side; and so eminent a writer as Goldwin Smith said that Spain not only offered most fairly to submit the question of that ship to an impartial tribunal, but paid due regard to all our demands, except what he called our "insulting summons to a proud and noble, though decayed, nation, to strike its flag," a summons "sure to force war." Still we felt an insult, and talked hardly so much about the suffering Cubans as about our "national honor." So, we proceeded to sustain our "honor" by slaughter, and to soothe our sorrow for the loss of those sailors by losing several times as many more. Of course, we loved the Cubans; that is, until we learned a little more about them, and found we might have to fight them too. But we did not love them so much as we hated the Spaniards. "To hell with Spain," was a favorite motto; and the news that her ships were sunk, and that hundreds of her sailors devotedly went down to death in the depths of the sea, rather than lower the colors of their country, sent flags flying in all our towns and cheers and jubilation through the land.

I would not underrate our motive of humanity, and there is nothing in our history more honorable than that desire to aid another people. But the humanity was marred by the method of it. Humanity does not wade in blood up to the horses' bridles, unless it is a clear case of necessity. Several papers have compared our work to that of the Good Samaritan, and I dare say the feelings of many were as kind. But when the Good Samaritan arms himself with thirteen-inch cannon and goes about the world sinking ships and bombarding cities; when, instead of pouring oil and wine into the wounds, he pours in shot and shell to make more; and when, instead of merely helping the man who had suffered robbery, he goes into the business himself and proposes to appropriate the whole Philippine islands, he seems departing from his New Testament model. For the curious thing in this case is that the very papers that talked most about "our generous sacrifice for humanity," quickly began to insist upon getting full pay for it and a goodly profit besides. After solemnly declaring that we were not after territory, they insist in taking a vast amount of it and entering upon a grand career of imperialism.

Of course, they consecrate this too by the name of "humanity," and even of religion; and talk of our solemn responsibilities and our sacred duty to submit to the plain purposes of God, and not to abandon the island which Providence has thus thrust upon us. Providence? Suppose I should arm myself with a

dozen revolvers and attack some very small, weak and worn-out old man of Minneapolis, because one of his tenement houses in the slums was disorderly; suppose I should put several bullets through him, and tell him that his wounds were the work of Providence and were proof that God was on my side; suppose that in compensation for my Christian work in wounding him, I should appropriate all his other tenement houses and hold them by my superior fire-arms; and suppose that, when he cried to have them back, I should waive my revolvers in his face religiously, and say: "No, sir; my sacred duty is to keep this rich property which Providence has thrust upon me, and not to shirk my solemn responsibilities to society and to God!" I think the poor old man would be justified in replying that my peculiar views of Providence were neither philosophic nor religious.*

I fear the imperialistic religion is not without alloy. In those recent times when we hated England instead of Spain, and could not say enough in censure of British imperialism, a noted American writer said the result of the British conquest of a pagan people in Africa was that the heathen got the Bible and the English got the land. Doubtless our American imperialists, after filling the islands with the Bible and our blessed politics, may be trusted to look after a fair part of the land and all of the offices. Nor can they logically stop with islands, if adopting this principle of interference, but must feel the same religious duty to conquer and bless all lands, since they know that Americans could govern every country much better than its owners do. But after they have conquered and Americanized the earth, perhaps they will come back to our own country, and stop the burning of negroes, and various other evils which need reform quite as much as Cuba did.

But while we have been thus growing eager for war and for enlarging armies and navies, other nations have been growing anxious to avoid it, and even from Russia, which had been thought the one most dangerous to the world's peace, has come the call for a congress for international disarmament. Whatever the motive of that call, and whatever its result, it again prophesies that harmony of nations toward which progress moves. As a protest against the war system we hail it gladly. For that system, though having brought great good in the past, has brought more evil, and can bring little but evil in the future. It has brought the predominance of the powerful races, but by a most cruel process of selection; and the selection wanted henceforth is not by the rivalry of brute force or of bullets, but of brains. It has brought discipline, but henceforth men can be disciplined in better ways than by setting them to kill each other. It has cultivated physical bravery, just as bull-fights have; but has cultivated brutal feelings with it. Lord Lawrence's life tells how British officers in India used to gather about the gallows, to lounge and smoke and watch the death agonies of the prisoners hung there. Even the sainted Chinese Gordon wrote that when "the whole of Sebastopol was in flames," it was "a splendid sight," and the sun rising upon it "had a most beautiful effect;" and in the late war, I have seen papers calling the bombardment of Spaniards "fun for the boys." If wars do furnish so much "fun," they do not refine the feelings. I am no convert to the frequent teaching that fighting elevates character, and that my moral and spiritual nature is to be ennobled by killing somebody.

Wars have sometimes put an end to great evils; but generally by worse evils of suffering, disease, death and sorrow, to say nothing of the material cost and waste. Some one figured that the mere money cost of our civil war would have bought and freed every slave, abolished slavery and saved the Union without any of that immense bloodshed and long bitterness after it, besides endowing a Yale and a Harvard in every state, and leaving a large balance; that, too, without counting the pensions, which are going to continue for a half century yet and to cost more than the war itself did. Nor is the money and life all the cost; but a wise man said the worst part of a war is in the twenty-five years of demoralization after it, in the derangement of the true standards of honesty and right. Our civil war showed it; and to-day, nothing but the war spirit would have led our country, after so solemnly declaring that it sought no territory, to fall so soon into a wild craze to annex the earth.

Even the greatest blessing of war, that union of nations through conquest, is no longer needed; for to-day the works of peace are uniting them far better. Knowledge is uniting them, and in the growth of intelligence the old animosities are fading. The industries are uniting them, and nearly all the nations of the earth have combined to make the mere watch in your pocket. Commerce is uniting them, so closely that the mere rumor of a war disturbs the markets around the earth, and Carlyle said the Winnipeg trapper could not quarrel with his squaw without sending up the price of pelts in England. Every invention, except those of war, is uniting them. The poet told how, at the laying of the first cable, the old barriers of ocean, space and time, shrank away, crying to the divided peoples, "Be one!"

> "We are one, said the nations, as hand met hand
> In a thrill electric from land to land."

Or, as Whittier sang of the flashes through that cable:

> "Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
> Beneath the sea so far,
> The bridal robe of earth's accord,
> The funeral shroud of war."

Every ship, too, except the battleship, is such a shuttle; every railway train, with its merchandise and mail, adds another thread to that bridal robe of nations, and all we have to do is not to rend it. As Herbert Spencer wrote two years ago, to that international arbitration meeting in London, henceforth social progress is to come simply "by cessation from those antagonisms which keep alive the brutal element in human nature, and by persistence in a peaceful life which gives unchecked play to the sympathies. This, he continued, I hold to be a political truth in comparison with which all other political truths are insignificant."

The exposition on yonder hill in Omaha reminds me of Victor Hugo's words, just twenty years ago, in an address which Parton calls "the most Christian thing spoken on earth since Christ." Standing in sight of the great International Exposition buildings in Paris, where the products of all nations were gathered in peaceful competition, for the good of the world, and closing a plea for peace, he said: "No, it

* On the day after this address was delivered, Carl Schurz, in a letter to the New York Evening Post, declared that our proposal to appropriate the Philippines "is a flagrant breach of faith in turning a soberly proclaimed war of humanity into a vulgar land-grabbing operation, glossed over by high-sounding cant about destiny and duty and what not."

is not good to make corpses; it cannot be that women are to bear children in anguish, that men are to be born and communities to plow and sow, that industry is to perform its miracles, and genius execute its prodigies, that this vast human activity is to multiply its creations beneath the starry heavens, in order to produce that terrible international exposition called a battlefield." And as his surcharged emotion brought the vast audience to their feet, he added, closing his oration and pointing to the exposition buildings, "Behold the true field of battle!" That is the war we want, the peaceful battle of arts and industries, of thoughts and sentiments, to give victory to the best and vanquish the brutal, barbarous and base.

And in closing my address to this Congress of Religions, I might more fitly recall Hugo's words at that other meeting, of the International Peace Congress, which, he said, had come together "to turn if it may be, the last and most august page of the Gospel." He reminded them that it was St. Bartholomew's Day; and yet, there, almost beneath the shadow of the tower whence had rung the signal for that massacre, were now united Englishmen and Frenchmen, Germans and Italians, Europeans and Americans, Papists and Huguenots, in a brotherhood both of nations and religions. The progress was slow, but the signs were sure; and sure to come the time when, he said, "war will be dead, animosity will be dead, but man will live; for all there will be but one country, the whole earth; for all there will be one hope, the whole heaven."

Thistle-Down.

How suggestive this thistle-down, which, as I sit by the open window, comes in and brushes softly across my hand! The first snow-flake tells of winter not more plainly than this driving "down" heralds the approach of fall. Come here, my fairy, and tell me whence you come and whither you go. What brings you to port here, you gossamer ship sailing the great sea? How exquisitely frail and delicate? One of the lightest things in nature,—so light that in the closed room here it will hardly rest in my open palm. Only a spider's web will hold it. Caught in the upper currents of the air and rising above the clouds, it might sail perpetually. Indeed, one fancies it might almost traverse the interstellar ether and drive against the stars. And every thistle-head by the road-side holds hundreds of these sky rovers, imprisoned Ariels unable to set themselves free. Their liberation may be by the shock of the wind or the rude contact of cattle, but it is oftener the work of the goldfinch with its complaining brood. The seed of the thistle is the proper food for this bird; and, in obtaining it, myriads of these winged creatures are scattered to the breeze. Each one is fraught with a seed which it exists to sow, but its wild careering and soaring does not fairly begin till its burden is dropped and its spheral form is complete.—*John Burroughs.*

The infinite always is silent;
It is only the Finite speaks.
Our words are the idle wave-caps
On the deep that never breaks.
We may question with wand of science,
Explain, decide and discuss;
But only in meditation
The Mystery speaks to us.
—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

The Study Table.

To———on her 24th Birthday.

MAY, 1897.

The Summer's blossoms break their buds in May;
Then first their crescent beauty greets the eyes
As o'er the glad'ning hilltops each day rise
Spring shadows shortening to the Summer day.
But Summer, rich with increase by the way
Of purling brook or where the harvest lies
Ready to garner on the heights, supplies
Fulfillment of the beauteous prophecy.
And to a like fulfillment, you, the one
Of all God's women in this world to me,
Shall come. Nor is your happy Spring outrun,
But happier womanhood is just begun.
In joy, in life, in love, full, true, and free,
May this the happiest of birthdays be.

OLIVER S. BROWN.

*STUDIES OF A BIOGRAPHER.

Mr. Stephen brings to every subject he discusses a large and clear intelligence and a good, if not particularly delightful, gift of style. The title of his present volume reports the manner of its origination. As the original editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, his interest in biographical studies must have been much enhanced, but it was in his "Hours in a Library" that he displayed a talent for biographical writing that was the efficient cause of his selection as editor of the *Dictionary*. His first article in the present series is to some extent a criticism of the *Dictionary*, or rather an explication of the principles which governed its construction. Why should it have 30,000 instead of 3,000 or 300,000 names? He answers that it should contain every name that is sufficiently noticed in ordinary histories to make some further inquiry possible. As to the manner of writing the articles he has much to say. The real art was to make them concise and yet not altogether dry and barren. Turning to the letter C he shows how much interesting matter there is about men who are but little known, and he is able to "point with pride," as the policical platforms say, to a poem, by the author of that stirring poem "Admirals All," which recognizes this feature of his work. And an excellent poem it is.

The second article is one on "The Evolution of Editors" and it is very instructive. By Editors, Magazine and Newspaper Editors and the like are to be understood and not the Editors of others' writings.

The third article, "John Byrom," is one of the least interesting of the series. A very short article in the *National Biography* would have been sufficient for his just deserts. Byrom was born in 1693 and was an inventor of stenography and a writer of epigramatic doggerel. "Johnsoniana" is an attempt to estimate the value of the additions made by Mr. Birbeck Hill, in his volumes of that name, to Boswell's Life of Johnson. It is also an excellent appreciation of Boswell's inimitable work. "Gibbon's Autobiography" dismisses in a concluding note the process by which Lord Sheffield constructed the well-known book from Gibbon's six manuscript fragments which have recently been published, and devotes itself to show-

* Studies of a Biographer. By Leslie Stephens. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: Duckworth & Co, 1898.

ing what various circumstances, hindrances, personal advantages and defects contributed to the making of the "Decline and Fall."

"Arthur Young" is a delightful appreciation of the author of "Travels in France," one of the most serviceable books for the historian of a great period that was ever written. "He is delightful by reason of his veracity, his amiable petulences, and unconscious inconsistencies." "Wordsworth's Youth" which follows the lines of a French critic, M. Legouis, is an attempt to show how it was that Wordsworth became a "Lost Leader" of the radicals. We read, "As Browning observes, the real Wordsworth was certainly not seduced by a 'bit of ribbon.'" The first three words of the sentence should go to its end. As it now stands it makes Browning un-say exactly what he said.

Vol. II. opens with an article "The Story of Scott's Ruin," which is a keen analysis of that story as told by Lockhart and shows that its real implications were more unfavorable to Scott than Lockhart was willing to allow. "The Importation of German" gives a clear account of those introducing the knowledge of German Literature into England before Carlyle. "Matthew Arnold" mingles much generous commendation with some derogatory passages. It is not however Matthew Arnold only, but a host of modern "symbolists" who are hard hit by the suggestion, "Leave out the awkward words 'I believe'; or substitute, 'I feign for purposes of edification,' and all would go right." Jowett's life is carefully reviewed and his unsatisfactory theological position is qualified by his personal charm. An article on Oliver Wendell Holmes is kindly but not in any way remarkable. Another, on Tennyson, is severe, as it should be, on the allegorical aspect of the Idylls of the King," while its praise of the "In Memoriam" strikes a very lofty note. Last of all we have an article on Pascal which gives us more of Mr. Stephen's characteristic quality than any other article in the series and is the natural climax of its intellectual significance. J. W. C.

---

* AVE ROMA IMMORTALIS!

Mr. Crawford's residence in Rome has been so long, and his acquaintance with its present condition and appearance, as well as its history and archæology, is so intimate, that, instead of the usual traveller's book, we have one created by a process of vital assimilation. Moreover it is very happily conceived, much as we should expect a novelist to conceive it. The book is a coherent work of art and not a mere agglomeration of crude facts and hasty generalizations. We have first a chapter on the Making of the City, followed by others on the Empire, the City of Augustus, and the Middle Age. Next we have a brief one on the Fourteen Regions or Wards of the city; and then, one by one, these Regions are treated with reference to their history and their tradition. The writer's object is "to try as far as possible to make past deeds live again where they were done, with such description of the places themselves as may serve the main purpose best," and he has been very successful in the attempt. He has his archæology, as it were, in solution. It is never for a moment burdensome. Each of the fourteen Regions has some dominant interest around which are grouped those of minor importance. For example, the Regola Region invites to a vivid account of Rienzi; The Sant' Angelo region to the story of Jewish life in Rome from the beginning of the Christian era until now; the Trastevere region suggests a study of the artists who heralded the Renaissance but did not live to see its day. The whole is written in that streaming style which Mr. Crawford has made so familiar to his readers, and there are many of those lucubrations to which in his novels he is perhaps too prone, but which here are extremely pertinent and very interesting. Those who are wise will not go to Mr. Crawford for the hardest facts. Especially when he discourses of St. Peter's life and death in Rome, they will take his easy-going statements with more than a pinch of salt, it being extremely doubtful whether Peter ever set his foot in the Eternal City. A tradition so serviceable was sure to be invented by the pious mind.

Following the Chapters on the Regions there are three concluding ones on Leo the Thirteenth, The Vatican, and St. Peters. That upon Leo is a very favorable and flattering estimate of the reigning Pope. It should not go unnoted that a very different estimate is possible and has much to justify it. "Joy of the street, curse of the home," is a Provencal proverb which has to Leo Thirteenth a vivid application. He has been a better friend of every other country than of his own. Italy has had no more treacherous or powerful enemy. The dominant idea of his reign has been the recovery of his temporal power and he has made friends or enemies with reference to this idea to a pre-eminent degree.

But, whatever Mr. Crawford's opinion of the reigning Pope, his book is a terrible indictment of the Temporal Power in its historic manifestation. Rome has probably been the worst governed city in the world. "The story of Rome," he says, is a tale of murder and sudden death, varied, changing, never repeated in the same way; there is blood on every threshold; a tragedy lies buried in every church and chapel." This is a terrible indictment to bring against a city ruled over by "Christ's Vicar upon earth" for fifteen hundred years. No wonder Italy desires to circumscribe the papal rule as much as possible.

The book is printed very handsomely and is enriched with many beautiful full-page photogravures and a greater number of wood-cuts in the text. An index *to each volume* is a feature at once serviceable and unusual. J. W. C.

* Ave Roma Immortalis. Studies from the Chronicles of Rome. By F. Marion Crawford. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1898. Crown, 8 vo., cloth, $6.

"Once," said the dean of a great university to a writer in the *Conservator*, "I called on Walt Whitman with a number of my fellow professors. The old man received us with that gentle courtesy which was characteristic, and among other things he asked me kindly: 'And what do you do?' I said that I held the chair of metaphysics and logic at my university. The old poet gave a reassuring smile as one who encourages a child, and answered: "Logic and metaphysics; ah, yes, I suppose we have to have people to look after these things, even if they don't exist."—*Exchange.*

A 16-page Weekly.

THE NEW UNITY

$2.00 per Annum.

...PUBLISHED FOR...

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,

—BY—

ALFRED C. CLARK & CO., 185 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

SENIOR EDITOR,
JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS,

HIRAM W. THOMAS, CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE, OSCAR L. TRIGGS, CHARLES ZUEBLIN, EMIL G. HIRSCH, R. A. WHITE, FREDERICK STARR, ELLEN T. LEONARD, JOHN W. CHADWICK, E. P. POWELL, JOSEPH STOLZ, PHILIP S. MOXOM, W. A. COLLEDGE.

Remittances should be made payable to Alfred C. Clark & Co., and may be by express or money order, postoffice money order, draft, check, or registered letter, as most convenient. The date following your name on your paper's "yellow label" will show the date to which your remittance has been paid. No other receipt is given unless stamp is sent.

Discontinuances.—Subscribers wishing THE NEW UNITY stopped at the expiration of their subscriptions should notify us to that effect; otherwise we shall consider it their wish to have it continued.

Changes of Address.—When a change of address is desired, both the new and the old address must be given and notice sent one week before the change is desired.

All Letters concerning the Publishers' Department should be addressed to Alfred C. Clark & Co., 185 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Editorial.—All matter for the Editorial Department should be addressed to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Station M, Chicago, Ill.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Chicago Post Office.

The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

MADISON, WIS.—W. D. Simonds has begun his course of Sunday evening services for the people in the Fuller Opera House again. Six lectures are announced on the following topics: "The Wonders of Progress in America;" "Demanded—A Wiser Patriotism;" "The Richest Man in the World;" "A Queen of Tragedy—Charlotte Cushman;" "Ten Years in the Liberal Ministry," and "The Hamlet of Edwin Booth."

WISCONSIN UNITARIANS.—This week the twenty-second annual session of the Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and Independent Societies is being held in the Tainter Memorial Building, Menominee, Wisconsin. Rev. W. G. Eliot of Milwaukee, preaches the opening sermon, and Rev. W. D. Simonds of Madison, the closing sermon. Three out of the eight clerical names on the program before us we surmise represent orthodox ministers, among which is the name of the Rev. J. W. Frizzell of Eau Claire, whose Congress address will appear in the pages of the NEW UNITY next week. This is another sign of the synthesis that is to come. The open minded men and women of religion will find each other out one of these days and they will stand together and they will not know either orthodox or heterodox, only sincerity and kindliness, honesty and manliness in thought.

CHICAGO.—The energetic and youthful Edward Everett Hale, who is seventy-six years young, preached twice in Chicago last Sunday. In the morning he spoke in the Church of the Messiah and in the afternoon at the Hull Memorial Chapel near the University. Full audiences greeted him in both places. Through the press Mr. Hale had a chance to say to a large constituency that the United States have no need of the Philippine Islands and no legitimate right to them. He wants to make Manila a free city like Hamburg or Frankfort, and he wants the rest of the islands left to spell out their own destiny, the United States keeping hands off and insisting that other nations do the same. . . . Another light from the east has been shining in the western horizon this week in the person of Edward W. Emerson, who came west to dedicate the new Fullerton Hall in connection with the Art Institute. This is the last instrument of culture contributed to Chicago, an exquisite little hall, with a seating capacity of five hundred, perfect in all its appurtenances and beautiful in its lines and decorations. Mr. Emerson also delivered two lectures before the students of the Art Institute and last Sunday night he spoke on "Soldier and Scholar" to a good audience in All Souls Church, where Mr. Emerson is always cordially welcomed. Behind him was Mr. Morse's heroic bust of his father, and the services were introduced by the singing of a Ralph Waldo Emerson hymn. In apperance and in thought the son makes increasingly good the statement that he is "a chip of the old block."

Books Received.

FROM T. Y. CROWELL & CO., New York:

The Greatest Thing Ever Known. Ralph Waldo Trine. pp. 55. $.35.

The Culture of Manhood. By Silas K. Hocking. 32 pp. $.35.

Blessed Are The Cross Bearers. By W. Robertson Nicoll, M. A. LL. D. 32 pp. $.35.

The Christian Ideal. By J. Guinness Rogers, B. A. D. D. 32 pp. $.35

Dick in the Desert. By James Otis. 84 pp. $.50.

Little Peter. By Lucas Malet. 168 pp. 20 vignette illustrations. $.50.

FROM PHILIP GREEN, 5 Essex Street, Strand, London, W. C.:

Selections from "The Rationalist á Kempis." By Joseph Blanco White. With a Brief Memoir of the author. By James Harwood, B. A. 112 pp.

MONARCH BOOK COMPANY, Chicago and Philadelphia:

True Stories of Renowned Men and Women for the Young People of America. By Evelyn H. Walker. Handsomely illustrated with colored lithographs and original half-tone drawings. 320 pp. $1.50.

GIRLS' COLLEGIATE SCHOOL,

479 and 481 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

For Young Ladies and Children.

23d Year begins Sept. 19th.

Rebecca S. Rice, A. M., and Mary E. Beedy, A. M.,

PRINCIPALS.

The Pioneer Limited for St. Paul and Minneapolis

Every Night at 6.30. via Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

Only Perfect Train In the World

"America's most popular railroad."

Chicago & Alton R.R.

PERFECT PASSENGER SERVICE BETWEEN

CHICAGO and KANSAS CITY,
CHICAGO and ST. LOUIS,
CHICAGO and PEORIA,
ST. LOUIS and KANSAS CITY.

Through Pullman service between Chicago and

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., DENVER, Colo., CALIFORNIA and OREGON.

If you are contemplating a trip, any portion of which can be made over the Chicago & Alton, it will pay you to write to the undersigned for maps, pamphlets, rates, time tables, etc.

JAMES CHARLTON,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

MONON CHICAGO & CINCINNATI LINE C H&D

Best Line —TO— Indianapolis, Cincinnati —AND THE— South.

CITY TICKET OFFICE:
232 CLARK STREET, - CHICAGO.

A Very Plain Proposition.

Every subscriber to the NEW UNITY sending in $2.00 will receive, charges prepaid, a set of Dickens' works, in twelve volumes, free, and have their time to the NEW UNITY extended one full year.

If your Subscription has Expired

Send in $2.00 to renew same and get a set of Dickens' works, as described on this page, sent you **Free,** carriage charges fully prepaid, and your time extended one year besides.

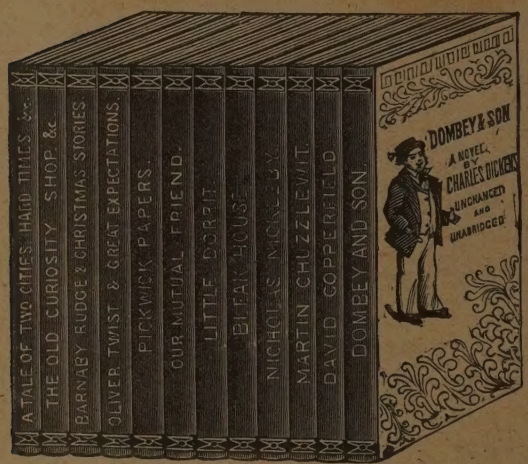
NEW UNITY FOR ONE YEAR

AND A SET OF THE

WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS,

In Twelve Large Volumes,

All for ONLY TWO DOLLARS.



We offer to our subscribers a **Set of the Works of Charles Dickens** in **Twelve Large and Handsome Volumes,** by mail, postpaid, and **One Year's Subscription to the New Unity,** all for **TWO DOLLARS.** This great offer eclipses any ever heretofore made. Charles Dickens was the greatest novelist who ever lived. No author before or since his time has won the fame that he achieved, and his works are even more popular to-day than during his lifetime. They abound in wit, humor, pathos, masterly delineation of character, vivid descriptions of places and incidents, thrilling and skillfully wrought plots. Each book is intensely interesting. No home should be without a set of these great and remarkable works. Not to have read them is to be far behind the age in whice we live. The set of Dickens' works which we offer as a premium to subscribers is handsomely printed from new plates, with new type. The twelve volumes contain the following world-famous works, each one of which is published *complete, unchanged and absolutely unabridged:* **David Copperfield, Martin Chuzzlewit, Nicholas Nickleby, Dombey and Son, Bleak House, Little Dorrit, Our Mutual Friend, Pickwick Papers, Barnaby Rudge and Christmas Stories, Oliver Twist and Great Expectations, The Old Curiosity Shop and The Uncommercial Traveler, A Tale of Two Cities, Hard Times and The Mystery of Edwin Drood.** Bear in mind that we offer, not a single volume, but *the entire set of twelve volumes,* as above by mail post-paid. *We prepay all postage.* This is the grandest offer ever made. Up to this time the price of a set of Dickens' works has usually been $10.00 or more. The use of modern improved printing, folding and stitching machinery, the present extremely low price of white paper, and the great competition in the book trade, are the factors which make this wonderful offer possible. Tell all your friends that they can get a set of Dickens' works in twelve volumes and a full year's subscription to the NEW UNITY for $2.00.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185 Dearborn Street, **CHICAGO**

If your Subscription has not Expired

Send in $2.00 and have your time extended one year from date of expiration, and we will send you in addition a set of Dickens' works, in twelve volumes, all charges fully prepaid.

You can Make Two Christmas Presents

Of the NEW UNITY and a set of Dickens' works, in twelve volumes, to two different persons (if desired), as we will send the NEW UNITY one year to one address, and a set of Chas. Dickens' works in twelve volumes to another address, both for only $2.00 for a few weeks.